THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 174, No. 13 | ***Philadelphia, September 28, 1901*** | **Five Cents the Copy**

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Published Weekly at 425 Arch St. London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk St., Strand, W. C. Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

All America in Conference
By Volney W. Foster

How Tammany Nominates
By Paul Latzke

American Exports and German Tariff
By Charles R. Flint

Tales of Old Turley
By Max Adeler

A Most Lamentable Comedy
By William Allen White

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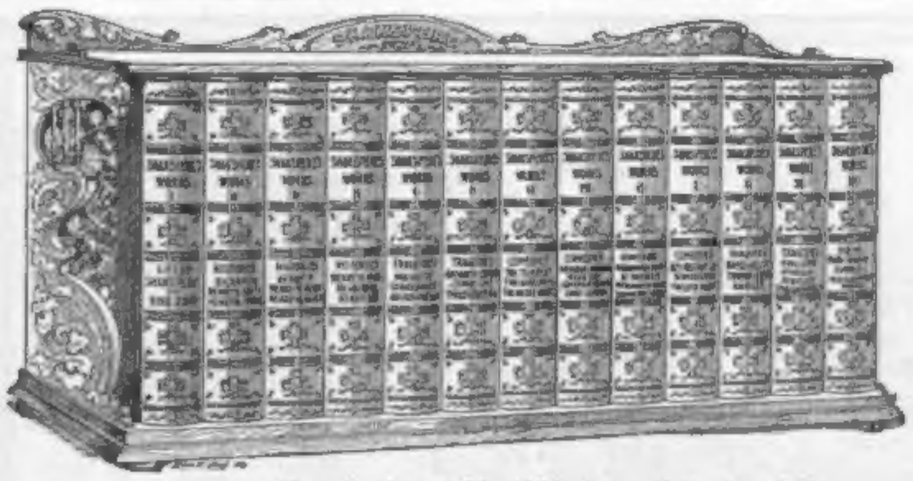

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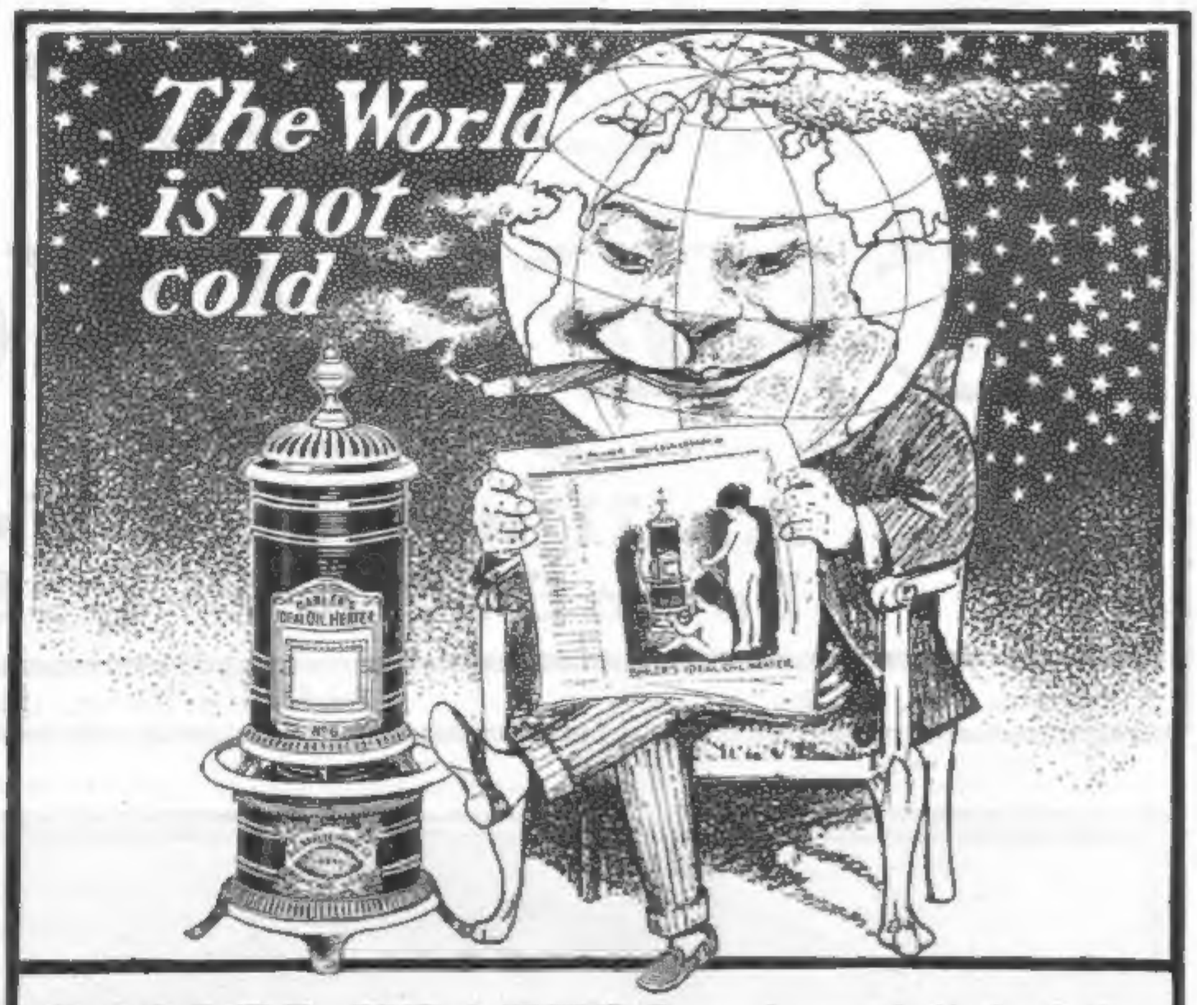

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All America in Conference

By Volney W. Foster — Member of the United States Delegation

Mr. Volney W. Foster

ON THE calendar of future official gatherings not directly legislative there is scheduled no single event that means so much to the great business public of the United States as does the International Conference of the American States, which will assemble in the city of Mexico, October 22, 1901. This is my hearty conviction, and I state it without reservation, although fully realizing that most of our citizens do not so much as know that such an assemblage is to convene.

Knowing from his own lips the deep personal interest of the late President McKinley in this Conference and his firm faith in the good to his people which must ultimately result from it, I cannot forbear making mention of his substantial expectations, feeling that a knowledge of his interest and confidence in the outcome of this Conference will do more than anything else properly to emphasize its importance and its possibilities. That its results will prove more definite and satisfactory than those achieved by any similar gathering in the past had been the steadfast belief of Mr. McKinley from the beginning of active preparations for the Conference until the time of my latest conversation with him only a few days before he was made the victim of the cruelest and most wanton attack ever suffered by a wise and noble ruler. If anything beyond these personal assurances is needed to establish the attitude of the late President let these excerpts from his famous Pan-American address speak his devotion to the interests of the Conference:

> God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other.
>
> Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.
>
> Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.
>
> We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico.

More than once the success of the Conference has been threatened by international complications in the South American continent, and some of those vitally concerned in the gathering have been at times tempted to doubt that it would actually take place. Happily, however, the threatening clouds which darkened its horizon have disappeared and a full representation of American Republics is now assured.

I may also mention a personal knowledge of the lively interest of President Diaz in the Conference. This, together with the fact—of which I have had recent and visual proof—that he is in the enjoyment of splendid health, must be taken as going far to warrant the highest hopes for the undertaking. Then, too, it is impossible to escape the significance of the fact that the two greatest republics which will participate in this historic family council are undeniably the most energetic in pushing the Conference and are committed to the undertaking with a heartiness which can scarcely fail to impress their sister republics. It is also to be remembered that these two countries are contiguous and are daily increasing their community of interests.

Before entering upon an explanation of the subjects which will command the consideration of the Conference and the form in which the deliberations of this body will probably crystallize, it should be said that every American republic has been invited to send five delegates. This will bring together an assemblage of fully one hundred men, as each delegation will have its secretary. Ample and elaborate accommodations for the Conference have been provided by the Mexican Government, which is not excelled in hospitality by any other nation on earth. The sessions of the Congress will be held in the Palace, a place of historic associations and impressive character and proportions. How long the deliberations will last cannot be fully foretold, but it is probable that they will require at least two months. To all intents and purposes this gathering will be an International Congress of American States, the members representing republics instead of commonwealths or districts. The responsibilities of delegates are great and all the more onerous from the fact that they are of a diplomatic nature and are not clearly defined. Certainly the delegates have a responsibility far in excess of their direct powers, for though they are not clothed with direct legislative authority, all their deliberations must be weighed in the balance of diplomacy.

The delegation from the United States is composed of the following members: Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia; W. I. Buchanan, of Iowa; Charles M. Pepper, of the District of Columbia; John Barrett, of Oregon; Volney W. Foster, of Illinois; José I. Rodriguez, Secretary.

In the common parlance of the American people the present Conference is the "Blaine idea," nurtured, developed and brought down to the present moment. The first important Pan-American Congress was held in Washington, D. C., in 1889, and was the direct result of Mr. Blaine's foresight and daring leadership. Its main object was to formulate "an agreement upon, and recommendation for the adoption to their respective governments of, a definite plan of arbitration of all questions, disputes and differences that may now or hereafter exist between them, to the end that all difficulties and disputes between such nations may be peacefully settled and wars prevented."

The Problems that are Before the Congress

Now, as then, the question of arbitration is the most important and difficult problem which will be considered; but sometimes the altruistic dream of one decade is the operative diplomacy of the next, and it is certain that great advances have been made since the initial Conference was held and the principles of reciprocity and international arbitration were first promulgated and discussed at a family gathering of the American Republics.

One of the chief obstacles encountered at the outset of the series of Pan-American conferences was the protective tariff of the United States. This was declared to be a "stone wall," but the leaders of the party of Protection declared that while it was such, and was powerfully fortified, its guns were not for active warfare but for purposes of parley. Its drawbridge would be let down to meet the friendly advances of neighbor republics, and the purpose of the Conference now about to convene is to broaden the neighborly relations of this Republic with the other States of the American continent in so far as this shall not interfere with the operation of the "favored nation" clause of existing treaties. When the President of the United States is given discretion to vary the tariff between specified limits in order to promote reciprocal relations with any other nation a great step will have been taken in the direction of practical reciprocity.

Another important matter which will be considered is that of establishing a uniform professional standard. To-day, for example, a physician cannot in all instances go from this country into one of the South American States and be admitted to practice without securing a diploma from a Spanish or Latin-American college of medicine, although he may have attained to the highest honors in the foremost medical school in this country. We shall seek to establish some basis upon which the standing of the applicant for permission to practice medicine may be certified by this Government.

A system of reporting the presence and movements of contagious and infectious diseases will, it is hoped, be formulated. This should be made as comprehensive and effective as the Weather Bureau system, for it is quite as important that the electric wire should give alarm of the theatening pestilence as that it warn us of the coming storm. Also a coöperative International Weather Bureau system should be established.

The formulation of uniform customs regulations is another vital subject which will come before the Conference. There is great need of a better system than is now in vogue, and it is especially desirable that a uniform nomenclature in manifests and in all mercantile classifications be established. How greatly this would facilitate commerce and the discharge of cargoes can only be realized by those who come in actual contact with the obstacles which now beset shippers in South and Central American countries. To the end of devising means which will tend to make commerce easy in all directions, the members of the Conference will bend their best energies.

The most valuable freight which one country ever sends into another is the telegraph message. This is a mental commodity, precious beyond material substance, and every telegraph wire which is strung across an international boundary line is a living nerve which will serve to join those two States by a bond which time will not sever. Next to the telegraph wire come the steel bonds of the railway. These form a connection far more intimate than ships can ever effect, for ocean carriers must always remain in a degree "foreign things" even to the land whose flag they carry. All that relates to the multiplication of railway and telegraph lines and of steamship facilities between the American Republics will be earnestly considered by the members of the Conference.

It is not to be presumed that I have here enumerated or even suggested the array of subjects which will be patiently sifted during the sessions of this International Congress; my only attempt has been to touch upon those of the greatest moment and thereby to indicate the general scope of the task to which the delegates will apply themselves.

Regarding the particular method which will characterize the labors of the Conference it is impossible to speak; but the delegates from the United States are firm in the conviction that one step will suggest another and that things logical and desirable will follow in natural sequence. The labors of the Conference may take final shape in various forms. An agreement may be reached whereby certain recommendations shall be made to all the governments represented, to the end that these results be embodied in treaties between all the governments concerned. Or it is possible that an agreement

may be formulated which shall have the effect of a treaty, and which shall be submitted to all the governments represented. This may be operative only after the signatures of all the governments having representation in the Conference are affixed, or it may be held as a binding agreement between all the governments signing, without reference to the unanimity of its ratification. This is one of the most difficult and delicate tasks which will confront the delegates, and a lack of wisdom in determining the exact form in which the results of the Conference will be presented to the governments, and the manner provided for making these results operative, may wreck the success of all the deliberations.

There is in Mexico a legend, which has been handed down from the days of the Aztecs, which declares that a man "fair in the face" and coming from the East will be the bearer of great blessings to that people. To-day is witnessing the verification of that ancient prophecy. Not only in Mexico, but in all the Latin American countries the fair-faced stranger, representing the world's energy and wealth, is being made welcome to opportunities for enterprise as great as were the opportunities for plunder which were found by the cruel and insatiable Cortez. From personal observation I am able to state that no foreigner is more eagerly received in the southern Republics than is the citizen of the United States who comes properly commended and bringing either capital, scientific, commercial or industrial skill, or professional learning.

Within the last few years it has been common to hear men of broad experience who have made for themselves large fortunes, and who are thoroughly familiar with modern commercial and financial conditions, contend that the young man of to-day does not enjoy in this country opportunities for fortune-making equal to those of forty or fifty years ago. Although this argument may not hold true in a broad and general way, it certainly has some foundation in fact. It is equally certain that the young man of the present day will not be more content than was his father to settle down in limited conditions. When he feels that the West no longer offers him the opportunities which his father there sought he will turn his face elsewhere and look for new worlds of opportunity to conquer. Already he is beginning to find these in Mexico and the other South and Central American States. If the Conference of the Republics of the American continent is measurably successful the chances of the youth of the United States for dashing strokes of enterprise sure to yield rich rewards in intellectual and material achievements will be greatly multiplied. This statement is capable of conclusive demonstration by reference to facts and figures, but this is not the place for an array of statistics. Therefore I shall rest on this assertion and the observation that scores of young men from the schools and colleges of this land are already getting a rich share of the marvelous material resources of the Latin American countries. As the most effective step in this direction I would urge the study, in the public schools of this country, of the Spanish language—the tongue of more than one-half of this continent, regarded geographically. To the Anglo-Saxon there is a special advantage in the acquisition of this Romance language. It softens his asperities, tempers his modes of thought, and gives him something of the graces which belong to the Latin races.

Testing Genius with the Hose

A STORY of Professor Royce which quietly goes the inner rounds of Cambridge tells how a very much bespattered and irately sputtering visitor presented himself at Mr. Royce's front door. It was James Russell Lowell, and Mr. Royce's son, then a small boy in knickerbockers, had been playing the hose on him! Later, when an explanation was sought, the characteristic answer was given:

"But I wanted to see how a genius would act."

It may be imagined with what interest this explanation was greeted by a close student of psychology.

Ballads of the Banks—By Holman F. Day

No. 4—The Awful Wah-Hooh-Wow

She's ashore in Gloucester harbor, with a weary, leary list,
An' the mud is creepin', creepin' to her rail;
She's sound in ev'ry timber—is the Mary of the Mist,
But the broom is at her mast-head as a sign that she's for sale.

Yet no one wants to try her,
She cannot find a buyer—
The Hoodoo is upon her, an' here I give the tale.
(The story has a warnin' that's as plain as plain can be,
An' tis: Never go to triflin' with the secrets of the sea.)

Peter Perkison, a P. I. from Prince Edward Island, signed
With Foster's folks of Gloucester for a "chancin' trip," hand-lined;
An' when we counted noses as we rounded Giant's Grist
We found the chap among us on the Mary of the Mist.
An' we sized him for a "conjer" ere we'd fairly got to sea;
The wind was whiffin' crooked, jest as mean as mean could be;
Then the skipper spied the P. I. fubbin' secret at the mast,
An' at once he got suspicious an' he overhauled him fast.
The chap had made some markin's an'
he'd driven in a nail—
Oh, we understood him perfect—he was raisin' up a gale.
The skipper gave him tophet, but the damage then was done—
The gale came up a-roarin' with the settin' of the sun.
Then we wallered to the west'ard an' we wallered to the east,
An' we seemed the core an' bowels of a gob of wind an' yeast.
We smashed our way to suth'ard, an' we clawed an' ratched to west,
There was scarcely time for eatin'; there was never chance for rest,
With the liners slammin' past us through the fog an' spume an' rain,
An' the Mary dodgin' passers like a puppy in a lane.
The third day found us flappin' with a mighty ragged wash,
The lee rail runnin' under an' the trawl tubs all a-swash,
An' at last the plummet told us we were backin' to'ards the shoals,
Yet we couldn't ratch an' leave 'em with our canvas rags an' holes.
Tack—tack—tack—
Still a-slippin' back;
'Twas a time for meditatin' on the prospects for our souls.

Then up spoke Isaac Innis, with a starin', glarin' glance,
An' he says: "My friends, I'm lookin' where I look!
I hain't a saint in no way, an' I'll give a man a chance,
But I think I see a Jonah if I hain't a lot mistook.
I reckon ye discern him,
Now over goes he, darn him,
Unless he squares the Hoodoo that he's brought, by hook or crook."

(We stood there, grim an' solemn, an' we bent our gaze upon
The stranger "conjer" sailor, that P. I.—Perkison.)

He never flinched nor quivered, though we'd reckoned that he would,
He simply turned an' faced us, an' he says: "I meant ye good.
I asked a breeze from suth'ard, but it slipped an' got away;
Still, you needn't worry, shipmates! When I owe a debt I'll pay."
He reeved a coil of hawser that the Mary carried spare,
An' fastened on a gang-hook an' baited it with care.
Then he took a magic vial an' he sprinkled on the bait
A charm that Splithoof gave him, it is safe to calkerlate.
He hitched a dagon-sinker an' he let the line run free,
An' overboard he fired it, kersplasho, in the sea.
We didn't get the language of the secret spells he said,
But we gathered he was fishin' on the deepest ocean bed.
We heard him as he muttered an' it seemed that he could tell
What kind of fish was bitin', with an eyesight straight from hell.
"Ah, brim," he sort o' chanted as he gave the line a twig—
"Ah, brim, the little red one, coax a fish that's twice as big.
Now, codfish, swallow haddock who has swallowed little brim;
Then monkfish swallow codfish, an' swordfish swallow him.
Oh, shark, come swallow swordfish, an' now—an' now—an' now—
Your mouthful is provided! Oh, come, Great Wah-hooh-wow!"
Then terror seized upon us an' we fell upon the deck,
An' a shiver shook the Mary as with sudden, thudding check
The half-hitch in the hawser caught the fore-bitts' double teeth,
An' away we went a-thrashin' through the boilin' sea beneath.
We overtook the liners an' we went sky-hootin' past,
Though simply scraps of canvas were a-flutter from our mast;
Of the mighty Thing that towed us the strange an' only sign
Was that hissin', tautened, cuttin', slashin', foamin' hawser line.
An' the folks who'd come from Europe on them liners thought that we
Was Uncle Sam'wel's latest autymobile of the sea.
An' we never slowed nor halted in the dizzy race we ran
Till at dusk we spied the lighthouse winkin' out from old Cape Ann.
An' the strainin' hawser slackened; as it did, that strange P. I.
Said: "Shipmates, this has squared me. Now it's coming, so good-by."
What was it? Do not ask me. I only know that we
Saw Something awful—awful, come a-loomin' from the sea.
It was pallid-white an' slimy an' it mounted coil on coil,
Its batlike flukes a-poundin' till the sea was in a boil.
High up against the heavens Its shaggy head It swung
A-lickin' at Its whiskers with a fat, red, flabby tongue.
Its long back-fin had notches, the same's a rooster's comb,
An' off a mile to le'ward Its tail was thrashin' foam:
Then we knew the stranger P. I. had made a reckless vow
An' must pay his lawful tribute to the awful Wah-hooh-wow.
We saw Its neck a-curvin' an' we heard Its red tongue lick
As It drooled an' swooped the drippin's, and then, as one might pick
A ripe an' juicy cherry, It grabbed that "conjer" man
An' sank with coils a-flashin' in the light from old Cape Ann.
An' we—we towed with dories till we got to Gloucester shore—
An' you'll never get a Banksman on the Mary any more.
No—no—no!
Not a man will go,
For her towage fee hain't settled till the Wah-hooh-wow takes four.

She's ashore in Gloucester harbor with a weary, leary list,
An' the mud is creepin', creepin' to her rail;
She's sound in ev'ry timber—is the Mary of the Mist,
But the broom is at her mast-head as a sign that she's for sale.

Yet no one wants to try her,
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The Hoodoo is upon her, an' I've given you the tale.
(The story has a warnin' that's as plain as plain can be,
An' 'tis: Never go to triflin' with the secrets of the sea.)

HOW TAMMANY NOMINATES—By Paul Latzke

WHEN the Democratic Convention meets, on the night of October 3, to nominate candidates for Mayor, Comptroller, and President of the Board of Aldermen for the city of New York, there will be a scene to arouse any freeborn American's enthusiasm. The onlooker will see a great hall closely packed with delegates and spectators. He will see walls draped everywhere in the national colors, pillars garlanded with gay bunting, flags waving, banners aloft, the whole illuminated by myriad electric globes. On a platform at one side will be the finest brass band to be found in the city. A brilliant spectacle altogether!

By and by, when the band has played several patriotic airs, and the chairman's gavel has fallen, and the opening address has been made, and everybody has been worked up to a fine fervor of frenzy, the announcement will come from the platform:

"Nominations for Mayor are now in order."

And then there will arise a gentleman, probably in evening dress, who, amid the tumultuous applause of his fellows, walks with proud air and erect head to the platform. All lean eagerly forward for a treat. With the full warmth of an overflowing heart and a bursting patriotism the orator puts in nomination his candidate. For a quarter of an hour, a half hour, even longer perhaps, he talks in an impassioned strain—for must he not sway that body of free men before him who have come to assemble in convention as the representatives of the great body of Democratic voters? No orator pleading for a lost cause ever spoke more warmly and earnestly and fervently, and none ever had a more attentive audience. Not a word is lost.

When the orator has finished, so overwhelming have been his arguments that he is acclaimed from all parts of the hall. The thunderous applause can only be drowned through the strenuous efforts of the big band. The name of the candidate so eloquently presented is seconded and then given to the Convention for action. So moving have been the orator's words that the candidate is promptly and enthusiastically named for the chief executive office of the chief city of America.

It is all very solemn and very inspiring, and, to the onlooker, typical of the highest form of civic government.

Another orator, another flowing and eloquent speech, another seconder to the motion, and the second place on the ticket, that of Comptroller, is filled by the choice of the delegates.

And so on to the next place, until the full ticket is made up, resolutions are adopted and the platform is put before the people.

More music, more cheering, more wild enthusiasm, and slowly the Convention dissolves. Delegates and spectators mingle freely and exchange greetings and compliments. A great work has been accomplished.

It is all very real and very serious—and, very needless—in fact, when you come to examine it closely, very ridiculous. For all practical purposes, the delegates and the orators and the spectators might all have stayed at home. The Convention, with all its solemn appendages and its glow and life and music and decorations, was really only acting a play.

The Man Behind the Convention

Over there in one corner of the hall stands a short, stocky, square-shouldered, deep-chested, gray-bearded, iron-eyed man, who is the only real thing about it. In fact, he was the Convention! Long before the orators had come upon the scene with their brilliant pleas, long before the delegates had seen the inside of the hall, before the spectators had left their homes, the whole ticket from top to bottom had been made up irrevocably by this man, and by this man alone. The platform had been written, the resolutions had been drawn up. The night's work was but a play, a farce kept up year after year to satisfy our vanity and make us believe that we are self-governed notwithstanding the fact that we know better.

Everything had been carefully planned out in advance. Not an orator arose in his seat, not a name was presented, not a resolution read except by order of the "Boss," the iron-eyed man, Mr. Richard Croker, Chairman of the Finance Committee of Tammany Hall, and absolute ruler of the daily and nightly life of four million people. It was at the touch of his hand that the machinery moved. Everything had been submitted to him, approved by him. It was a play carefully rehearsed and presented without a break. Incidentally, it was a fine exhibition of American power and of what a strong man can do in these free United States. It was another demonstration, as there had been many before, of the unique personality of Tammany's great leader; for the man is undoubtedly great, no matter what his detractors may say of him. Any man is great who, by sheer force of will and energy and perseverance and brain-power and shrewdness, can control absolutely in politics a vast body of citizens, all of whom have the franchise and law-given right to exercise it as they see fit.

Not the least remarkable thing about this man is the manner in which he dictates all nominations presented to the people of New York City by the Democratic party. Here is this Convention under one man's control. Yet the gathering was open to the contest of any Democrat in the metropolis, and the muster-roll shows that there are over 300,000 Democrats there. To appreciate this remarkable situation it is necessary to understand what has gone before; to study the method by which Tammany nominates.

Why Tammany Hall is Invincible

Tammany's strength, or rather Croker's strength, lies in his giving to the citizens of New York the sort of government they want. Unless this were the case, neither he nor his organization could endure for a moment. Unlike their opponents, and they have opponents on all sides of them, they depend for their livelihood entirely on public office. Take away the public support and the organization withers and droops, though it never dies. With them, success at the polls means existence; failure, as Mr. Croker once put it in my presence, means "living on snowballs in December." Therefore they must of necessity represent the majority of the people: otherwise, they lose at the polls and starve. And they can only escape losing at the polls by getting an honest majority. With all the cry of corruption that has come, there is to-day no ballot-box stuffing in New York City, or none of consequence. Under the election laws in force the stuffing of a ballot-box is well-nigh impossible, and is fraught with such risks that even the most hardy heeler will not undertake the task. Even among the extreme reformers no one will be found to declare that Tammany gets into control through this sort of illegal voting. The election machinery is under the supervision of the opposition, and a lynx-eyed, tireless opposition it is. Any Tammany Hall man who can "get away with the goods," as they put it on the Bowery, under the eyes of this opposition, has qualifications that will fit him for the career of a Hermann.

The supervision starts at the very beginning, at the primaries. Formerly, the government took no cognizance of primaries. Party organizations were left to fight it out and to make their nominations as they saw fit. The cry went up that under this system no honest opposition could ever grow up in the Democratic party against Tammany Hall in New York City. The present primary law was passed to obviate this state of affairs. It took the machinery of the primary entirely out of the hands of party organizations and placed it under the control of the State. Now the law fixes a date when the primaries must be held and the method of holding them. Regular inspectors are appointed under the supervision of a Bureau of Elections, which is bi-partisan, and the ballot is secret, so that a man voting at the primaries is as fully protected, if he wants to oppose the powers in control, as he is at the general election. The Democrats vote at one set of places and the Republicans at another. No one is permitted to vote who has not previously enrolled himself under a party banner, and any vote may be challenged, and, being challenged, must be sworn in, just as it is at a regular election. Illegal voting at primaries is punished by law just as is that at regular elections.

What Tammany Hall Really Is

The only Democratic organization recognized under the law to-day in New York County is Tammany Hall. New York County embraces all that territory which, previous to consolidation in 1898 with Brooklyn, Staten Island and a section of Queen's County, comprised New York City proper. It is, in fact, the only part of New York of which the outside world thinks when the words "New York" are used.

Legally, Tammany Hall is known as the Democratic-Republican Organization of the County of New York. Tammany Hall is only its nickname, bestowed because, since its foundation, it has met in the halls owned by the Columbian or Tammany Society. This society, over one hundred years old, is a social and patriotic organization, from which the political organization was an offshoot. There are many men on the rolls of the Tammany Society who do not belong to Tammany Hall, and *vice versa*. Since time out of mind, however, the political organization has controlled the organization of the patriotic society.

The political Tammany Hall has on its rolls over 90,000 members. It is governed by what is known as the Democratic-Republican General Committee of the County of New York. This General Committee is made up of 2871 members. Each Assembly District is entitled to one member of this committee for every twenty-five Democratic votes cast at the preceding gubernatorial or presidential election. It is to choose these members, among other things, that the primaries are held. When the Democrats who are entitled to vote at the primaries present themselves they find prepared a regular ticket on which appear the names of the proposed General Committee members. This list has been prepared in each Assembly District, nominally by the nominating committee of the regular district organization; but in reality these lists are carefully prepared by the leaders themselves. If there is no opposition the primary election is purely perfunctory. Everything goes through in a cut-and-dried fashion. But any Democrat who chooses can go into the primaries with an independent ticket, and if he can drum up the necessary strength he can have delegates of his own choosing elected. Mr. John C. Sheehan, who has been leading the revolt in the Democratic party against Mr. Croker for several years, did this on two occasions, but he found it impossible to maintain himself because he had no patronage to distribute among his followers, and at the last election, after a bitter fight, he was defeated by Croker's secretary.

The Power of District Leaders

The delegates elected to the General Committee at these primaries constitute the "district organization," an autonomous and self-governing body—at least in theory. They organize with a chairman, vice-chairman, secretary and treasurer, and elect one of their own number to serve as a member of the Executive Committee of Tammany Hall, which is the real governing body of the organization—again, in theory. It is the man chosen as Executive Committeeman who is the "district leader." To him all the patronage allotted to the district is given for distribution, and he has control of the district machinery. In the olden days, before Mr. Croker's absolute ascendency, these district leaders were an influential body. They could, and did, make and unmake the "Boss." They could, and did, rise in rebellion, and they had real and substantial power instead of a mere shadow as to-day.

There are thirty-six members of the Executive Committee who hold office by right of being district leaders. In addition, the committee is composed of the President, Treasurer, and Reading Secretary of the General Committee, the Chairman of the Finance Committee of the General Committee, the Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions and Correspondence, the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Law Committee, the Chairman of the Printing Committee, and all the members of the Committee on Municipal Affairs, of whom there are sixteen. Formerly, only the Chairman of the Committee on Municipal Affairs was a member of the Executive Committee, but after some show of rebellion on the part of a few district leaders, Mr. Croker, as a safeguard, had the entire committee admitted to membership. As he has the naming of this and of all other committees through the Chairman of the General Committee, who is always his choice, he is certain to control the Executive Committee through his friends should some of the district leaders in the future show signs of restiveness as they have in the past.

"He's got 'em tied down with a log chain," as one of the men in the Hall recently put it. "They can't get away from him no matter which way it breaks."

Nominally it is the Executive Committee which makes up the slate at the Conventions. Practically, this is what happens: Mr. Croker goes to Europe in May or June, having passed through a hard campaign the previous fall. In October a complete city and county ticket is to be nominated. The main consideration is to get as mayoralty candidate a

man as strong as the situation seems to warrant and at the same time a man whom the "Boss" can control absolutely, so that no patronage will be given out except on orders from "headquarters," which is Mr. Croker. Various men are suggested or suggest themselves. Certain men in the organization, about half a dozen all told, study matters on the ground until late in the summer and then go to Europe to lay the results of their observations before the "Chief."

With all the best obtainable information before him, Mr. Croker returns, reinvigorated and freshened, from his vacation, shortly before the Nominating Convention is to be held. He comes thoroughly informed, but listens to all the suggestions that are made by men eager to push themselves or some favorite candidate.

One day, it may be only twenty-four hours before the Convention meets, he summons a few intimates—a very few, never over half a dozen—to whom he communicates the decision he has reached. This is final. There was a time when some of the men to whom he confided would "give him an argument," in the language of the Democratic Club. But that time has passed.

In the nature of things, the candidates selected by the "Boss" are rarely of the kind that would be selected by the great body of the voters themselves could those patient creatures have a voice in the matter. If they were, they would not be men who could be depended on after election to fill the appointed places according to orders. In consequence, there is always a great outcry from laymen and newspapers when the slate is announced, but this the "Boss" expects and discounts. He depends on party affiliation and a "personal liberty" campaign to carry his ticket through; on this, and the almost invariable mistakes and bickerings of the opposition.

At the same time, however, he aims, in selecting his men, to get as good material as he can within the prescribed limits. Once in a while, when he is in doubt as to what the people will stand, he gives out well in advance the name of a candidate about whom a particularly fierce fight might be made. This enables him to draw the fire of the opposition and of the press. If the fire gets too hot he can then change and put in some one else. He did this in the case of the District Attorney four years ago. He had determined on a candidate, but there was such a flood of opposition that he was overwhelmed, though almost to the last moment he held to his choice. In the end, however, when he saw how strongly public opinion was running he put his candidate aside and nominated some one else instead. Ordinarily, however, the "Boss" does not retreat. Before fixing on a name he has studied the ground very carefully, weighing all the pros and cons and deciding on the ticket in cold blood.

The full Executive Committee, which according to tradition makes up the slate and has to do with the choosing of candidates for presentation to the Convention, often knows nothing, as a body, of the choice of the "Boss" until the afternoon of the Convention day. Then, according to usage, they meet at Tammany Hall. Mr. Croker, with the list of names written on a slip, "makes them a little talk," something after this fashion:

"I think we've got a pretty good chance to win provided we work hard and get the vote out. And I believe that a pretty good ticket could be made up like this——" Then he reads the names he has decided on.

He does it very quietly, without any oratorical flourishes, for he is no speaker, and realizes that, even if he were, the occasion requires no particular effort. The Executive Committeemen look wise and nod their acquiescence.

The ticket given out, the resolutions and platform, all carefully typewritten, are read to the committee, and are accepted unquestioningly, just as the candidates were accepted. The resolutions are distributed among the leaders to be offered by them according to number. So that they may not miss their cue and delay the game, the leaders are furnished with typewritten slips which make up the program. The whole conference has probably not consumed over an hour and the leaders leave it letter-perfect. While they have been inside their supporters have filled the outer rooms, eagerly waiting for "the word." As rapidly as possible it is passed along: such a man is to be Mayor, the other Comptroller, and so on. The "Boss" does not show up. He remains in the back room, perhaps in consultation with some of the more important leaders, like John F. Carroll, John F. Whalen and a few others. The other leaders generally get back to their districts to make sure that the enthusiasm has been properly worked up, and to see to the marshaling of their delegates.

There are five Conventions to be held this year—aldermanic, assembly, city, county and borough. To each of these a separate set of delegates is elected. Only one of the Conventions is free from dictation from headquarters. This is the one that nominates the Aldermen. Unless in exceptional cases, the district leader is permitted to choose his own Alderman, though the name is always submitted for approval to the "Boss," who, however, usually makes no comment except to say: "Well, you're sure he's all right?"

The Assemblyman, too, is now and then selected by the district leader; but here the scrutiny is a little closer, because Mr. Croker wants to feel pretty sure of the legislative delegation. The State Senator, who is chosen in the even years, is still more important, and almost without exception his name is dictated to the three district leaders whose districts make up the senatorial limits.

Tammany does not attempt to interfere with the county and borough politics of the Democratic organizations in Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond (Staten Island), which, with Manhattan Island and the annexed District, comprise Greater New York. They never come together except in the City Convention, and this is dominated by Mr. Croker. He selects the Mayor, but gives the Comptroller, which is the second place on the ticket, to the Brooklyn machine, at the head of which is "Boss" McLaughlin. Either by direct conference with Mr. McLaughlin or through the intermediary of confidential agents, the name of the man whom Brooklyn wants as Comptroller is submitted to the Tammany leader for approval.

In the New York County Convention, where the Sheriff, the District Attorney, the Register and the County Clerk are nominated, none but Tammany Hall delegates participate, and, of course, Mr. Croker is supreme. He is a clever politician besides being a master of men, and always makes it a point to pick out candidates, whenever possible, who shall be representative geographically and in other particulars.

His chief work begins after the tickets are in the field. Then he moves to Tammany Hall and takes personal charge of the canvass. Hardly a detail escapes his attention, though much of the burden is carried by John F. Carroll, his close lieutenant. Mr. Croker, during the campaign, sees every district leader at least four times a week, and sometimes he sees them every day. If there is a question in any district about bringing out the full strength of the vote he sends for the leader and goes into all the details of the situation with him, advising, directing, and, if necessary, threatening. A leader whose vote falls off, or whose vote, at two consecutive elections, does not increase in proportion with that of the rest of the city, may rely on losing his head. The "Boss" picks out some other man in the district and urges him on to make a fight at the primaries, backing him up with all the power at his disposal and giving him control of all the patronage. That is, in case the old leader who is to be removed shows fight, which is very rarely the case. There is something almost pathetic in the absolute obedience which these men, with a few exceptions, yield to the "Chief." The military spirit has been apparently drilled into them and they accept punishment without a murmur. There is nothing like it anywhere else in civic government except in China, where the mandarin who has offended the imperial power gives himself up and bares his neck to the headsman.

Tammany Hall will spend anywhere from $300,000 to $500,000 in a campaign. Where this money comes from and where it goes to nobody but Richard Croker knows. No books are kept at Tammany Hall. The "Boss" is Chairman of the Finance Committee. It is this position that gives him, primarily, his great influence. Every dollar received passes through his hands. The district leaders are entirely dependent upon him for the money necessary to conduct the campaign within their boundaries. By usage, they are allowed from $40 to $50 for each election district. This is supposed to pay the workers and the watchers, and for such incidentals as cab hire. All of them, however, receive some additional sum "to be used as needed."

American Exports and German Tariff—By Charles R. Flint

THERE is a great deal of unnecessary apprehension on the part of American manufacturers and exporters in connection with the tariff imposed by Germany. Although in many of its provisions the new tariff law will practically prohibit the importation of American manufactures and foodstuffs, in my opinion we need not worry particularly. Even if the tariff should raise an absolute barrier, shutting off entirely trade with the German Empire, the effect would scarcely be felt here, either by the farmers, the manufacturers or the workingmen. For, desirable though the trade we have built up with Emperor William's country is, it represents only about one one-thousandth of one per cent. of our entire inter-State and international trade. This being true, we can view almost with equanimity the imposition of new rates.

The only serious result that might come from the new schedule of duties would be in the event that we should be carried away by the advice of some of the persons who agitate the imposition, on our own part, of a retributive tariff. Therein lies the danger. Such a course might easily precipitate a general tariff war, than which nothing would be worse for us at this stage. A general tariff war between the nations of the earth would have almost as blighting an effect as an actual war. There has been considerable talk of a European economic alliance against us because of the serious inroads we are making on the world's trade. It is safe to say that with the political conditions existing abroad, such an alliance will never be effected unless we make the mistake of deliberately bringing it about through the enactment of tariff laws aimed at foreign products. Out of such a course might grow a sentiment that would bring about a concert of action on the part of European nations, even though such action would be as harmful to them as it would be to us.

Our part, so far as the new German tariff is concerned, lies in ignoring it, in pursuing the even tenor of our way regardless of what the German Empire may do in the direction of keeping out our products. We can very well afford to be perfectly passive, because the new law is bound to hurt Germany much more in the end than it will hurt us. There is reason to believe that in case the United States does not furnish weapons to the Agrarian party in Germany, which is the party that is forcing the heavy advance in duties on foodstuffs, the program as laid out will be materially modified.

In the present state of the world's development the enactment of any additional protective or prohibitive tariff is distinctly a retroactive step. Nations of the first class that expect to progress and grow must steadily enact laws looking to a freer trade rather than a more restricted one. In our own case I am not in favor of the enactment of any provision that will interfere with vested interests, but if we must have tariff legislation at all, let us have it in the direction of lower rates rather than higher ones. I do not think the time has come when we should materially scale down our duties, such as they are, but when we do have tariff legislation it should be in the line of such scaling down, so that we should encourage freer intercourse with the other nations of the earth.

As nearly as I can make it out, this is the opinion of all progressive statesmen, and the tendency that is manifesting itself in this regard will, I believe, ultimately result in the absolute wiping out of all customs. I think the time will come when only the second-class nations will have tariffs. No first-class nation will need any such protection for its industries.

In our own case, no other single thing in the past has been so beneficial, and nothing has tended so much to bring about our industrial growth, as the protection afforded our manufacturers by the tariff laws. Wages in this country are so much higher than they are abroad that it was absolutely essential to our industrial development to lay, on imports, duties that would equalize matters, so that the American workingman could compete with the cheap labor of Europe. Our duties are based, or are supposed to be based, entirely on this proposition. They are supposed to represent the difference in the cost of production here and abroad. No other course would have made it possible for us to develop our vast natural resources. We needed these laws in order to grow into a manufacturing nation.

With our great mechanical genius we have, however, overcome very largely the competition forced on us by the underpaid workingmen of other countries, and we have reached a stage where, thanks to our perfected machinery, we can meet the foreigner on an even basis. Indeed, in many lines, our machinery and our improved business system have put us in a position where the foreigner cannot touch us at all, and in these lines we go boldly into his own territory and beat him on his own ground. Year by year this condition will grow, so that we can safely look ahead to a time when we can wipe out all restriction.

Germany has probably been tempted to her present course by the success of the United States under a protective tariff system. Looking about for relief against the growing competition of American-made goods with their own products in their own markets, the Germans have foolishly hit upon the scheme of higher duties as a panacea. Apparently they have overlooked the fact that our position was, and is, unique. They have none of the tremendous natural resources that have made us great and rich, and they have not the supply of cheap food that we have in our borders, and that enables us to feed our workingmen at a very small cost at the same time that we pay them a high wage. Germany may have to go through the experience of England, which was almost ruined until her statesmen realized that all laws imposing duties on foodstuffs retarded the nation's growth in manufacturing, for such duties forced up the price of bread and necessarily forced up the price of labor to meet this increase.

That is the position of Germany to-day. When she puts a tariff on our wheat and on our meats she adds to the price of these necessities to her working-people and compels her manufacturers to pay more for labor in order that labor may secure the necessities of life. This will prove a fatal course, for Germany is essentially dependent upon the cheapness of her manufactured products to secure and hold a position in the world's trade. Every penny added to the cost of German-made goods means necessarily proportionate decrease in the market for these goods. Their cheapness has been the one factor that has made it possible to find a place for German-made goods in competition with the products of other countries. It was this factor that drove the British manufacturer out of many places, the German supplanting him because he could underbid him. The quality of German-made articles has always been poor, so poor indeed that in England, for the protection of the consumer, a law was passed under which all goods offered for sale in the British markets by German manufacturers have to be stamped "Made in Germany," so that the purchaser may know exactly what he is buying. Under the new scheme, with the cost of labor increased through higher-priced foodstuffs, the German factory owner will have still further to reduce the quality of his goods, a process that he will find fatal, for the limit in this direction seems already to have been reached, or very nearly so.

German trade will also be hurt in another direction by the new tariff. Under a fair revenue system German ships have been assured cargoes in both directions. They have been able to carry German manufactured products at very low rates to all parts of the world because they could get return cargoes destined for German ports. These cargoes were made up of wheat and other foodstuffs, and of manufactured goods that it was possible to send under the old schedule. Now that this schedule is to be raised, America and other countries will find it impossible to send their products as in the past, and the German ships will of necessity have to impose higher outward rates, thereby adding to the cost of German-made goods.

It will not take Germany so very long, in my estimation, to realize the damage that she is doing to her people under the new tariff scheme. Her manufacturers are fully awake to this, and I think they may be relied upon to force a reduction of duties. The result will be that we shall not only find Germany back on the old basis, but, as a reaction always carries further than a natural impulse, the duties in the end will probably be even lower than they have been.

Tales of Old Turley—By Max Adeler

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THE OLD-TIME SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOK

REV. DR. FROBISHER had passed his sixtieth year, and for more than twenty years he had been pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Turley. He was a large man, not stout, but heavily built, with massive frame, broad shoulders, large hands and feet. His head, long and high, was covered with thick, sandy hair, his nose and chin were strong, and kindly eyes looked out through his golden spectacles.

As a preacher he had been thought by his friends to have had no little power in his younger days, and some regarded him as a man of more than usual learning. Long ago he had written a pamphlet upon the authorship of the Pentateuch, which was perfectly orthodox and attracted considerable attention.

Later, a brief work in which he considered the meaning of the Song of Solomon, provoked rather warm controversy because of the originality of the opinions advanced; and there was a famous sermon of his upon the Impending Crisis which, when it was first preached, twenty years ago, created much enthusiasm. As he came down from the pulpit, the elders, backed by the trustees, insisted that he should repeat it on the following Sunday, which he did in the presence of the largest congregation ever assembled in the church on Sunday. Then the church officers, after consultation, considered that a discourse of such large importance, actually dealing with concerns of national interest, should go further upon its errand of beneficence. They asked permission to publish it, and the Doctor granted the request, with a genuine effort to feel humble, but still with a strong sense that he was really engaged in doing good and in playing his part fairly well in the great drama of human life. The edition comprised two thousand copies, but when twelve hundred copies had gone out the demand fell away, and the Doctor, for years, had looked now and then upon the remaining eight hundred, tied up with twine and brown paper and lying dust-covered in the closet beneath one of his bookcases; and as he looked he sometimes sighed, and had a deepened impression that worldly things, after all, at the very best, are little more than vanity.

But the days of excitement and eager expectation and craving for a swifter forward movement had now passed away. The fiery zeal for the conversion of the world to better things had burned itself out. Long ago he had been enveloped and smothered by the conviction that any large part of the task of uplifting the race was beyond his power. Still he held firmly to the old faith, and tried to believe that he kept himself ready for the day when the summons should come for him.

But he had almost stopped preaching to sinners. The truths were so old, surely everybody must know them by heart by this time; and most of the good texts had been preached threadbare. All of his new sermons were addressed to believers, and this seemed to be a not indefensible practice, for only believers, or people who were believed to be believers, came to church.

There were no young men in the congregation excepting a few who were kept there by habit or family influence, or by some little interest in the music or the church societies. The greater number of the members were women and girls whom he could not regard as frightful offenders, and who seemed to be quite satisfied with his preaching.

In truth the church had gone to sleep with respect to spiritual things; and the good pastor's piety, though sound and genuine, had much somnolency in it.

Sometimes the Doctor found it very hard to discover, in the Bible, new subjects for sermons, and he did not like to preach the old ones too often. He had a series on the Sermon on the Mount, written in his younger days and rewritten and preached again twice in the last eight years; and his series on the Lord's Prayer, which he liked very much, had occasioned whispers in the congregation when he began it again four years ago for the third time in ten years.

Now and then it happened that a younger preacher of considerable powers came to find a place in his pulpit for a single Sunday, and then, as the Doctor listened to the eager, fervid oratory, impelled by a soul that was in hot earnest, he felt conscience-stricken and mentally resolved that he would gird himself anew for the contest; that he would pray more heartily and would infuse the power of a new life into the church that had been intrusted to him.

Editor's Note—This is the second of six Tales of Old Turley, by the author of Out of the Hurly-Burly. Though a thread of continuity will run through all, each story will be complete in itself.

And so, for a few Sundays he would endeavor to arouse attention, perhaps, by preaching from odd texts, such as "Four Carpenters" (Zech. i, 20), or "Comfort me with Apples" (Song of Solomon ii, 5), or "He went down and slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day" (I Chron. xi, 22), or "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi" (Song of Solomon i, 14).

He had a thought once or twice of taking as a subject for a stirring discourse the Five Foolish Virgins, but somehow he shrank from pushing home the conclusions of that parable.

Then, as the influence of the eloquent visitor diminished more and more, the pastor glided back into the old way, and he and the people of the church folded their hands and went to sleep again.

The infant minds in Doctor Frobisher's church obtained their notions of religion from the books in the Sunday-school library, and in the first place of the volumes, supplied to this and other Sunday-schools by devout writers for the purpose of teaching religious truth, were of a remarkable character.

Sometimes the Doctor found it very hard to discover . . . new subjects for sermons

It was not enough to instruct the little ones of the existence of a moral law indicated by the words, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," but worthy persons undertook to present what children were to regard as illustrations of the methods by which the law worked.

Thus affecting, and even terrifying, tales were prepared representing, for example, little girls surreptitiously obtaining jam from the pantry and, in their haste, dropping portions of the preserve upon their pinafores. Endeavoring to remove the guilty stains with water, they saturated their clothing and caught cold. Then they were whirled off into eternity by the swift processes of pneumonia, and with no hope at all of better things in Heaven. Or little boys were indicated as preferring fishing to Sabbath-school on Sunday, and obtaining the just and necessary reward of such wicked preference in the shape of a watery grave.

The children to whom these awful warnings were supplied, and who might have accepted them as helps to the journey along the straight and narrow path, lost much of the force of the instruction, and indeed had their poor little fragments of faith much shaken, by frequent and familiar experimental demonstration that this alleged law of immediate retribution has by no means unvarying operation. Many of them had their own secret memories of larcenous proceedings with jam, during which none was dropped upon pinafore or floor, and which were productive of deliciousness of sensation of which jam seemed incapable when it had been procured under less irregular and less sinful circumstances; and some of them were the familiar friends of boys who, in defiance of environing perils, often went fishing on Sunday and came safely home to bear verbal testimony to the delights of the practice and presenting visible evidence, in the shape of bunches of fish, that the pastime had not been without consequences of substantial value. Thus it may be feared that, as the years rolled by, the young minds, having compared the written testimony of persons whom they did not know with the evidence supplied by personal experience and by observation of the conduct of persons whom they did know, may really have reached the conclusion that there must be something seriously defective in the assertion that vicious behavior invariably produces hurtful results, or else that stealing jam and fishing on Sunday are performances which contain no element of evil.

There was one favorite writer for children—a favorite with the parents—who, inspired with a praiseworthy desire to impel children into paths of peace, produced certain volumes which were classed under the general name of Allegories. In these little stories the characters were children. The books were bound in black, to begin with, so that they were dismal and discouraging merely to look at, as they lay upon the table at home.

One of them began with a graphic description of a place called the Desert of Zin. That word Zin, which greeted the infant mind upon the very first page, had in it something that was sinister and fear-inspiring. Sin was bad enough, but sin could be partly comprehended. Zin, however, appeared to have some sort of a kinship to sin, and yet to be infinitely and incomprehensibly more dreadful. Even if Zin had been a place of waving trees and fountains and flowers and birds it would have been open to grave suspicions that behind these beautiful objects lurked some mysterious destructive force, concerning which children might have apprehensions and would do well to keep their wits about them. But Zin, far from having any alluring scenery, was represented as a dreary, dead, forbidding desert, in which was no kind of vegetable life but prickly things to catch and tear you, and no animal life excepting snakes and scorpions ever alert to bite and poison you.

Most of the boy-readers felt that they could pull through safely with snakes alone, because you can at the worst kill a snake with a stick and wait for his tail to die at sundown; but the habits, and indeed the very outlines, of the scorpion were unknown, and so the assured presence of scorpions which lay in wait for errant boys appeared to make that Wilderness of Zin in a particular sense terrible. Every healthy boy felt as if he would like very much to stay away from it; but this, the kindly author assured him, he could not do, for the Wilderness of Zin, in the allegory, represented this green old rolling earth of ours, and the journey across the cactus-planted, scorpion-haunted desert stood for the human life that every good and bad boy must live.

Some very bold boys felt that, bad as was the outlook presented by the author, they could face the horrors of the journey with the boys and girls in the book if these had been named Jim and Aleck and Mary Jane; but the writer of the allegory knew child-mind, and he was too acute to supply any such excuse for diminishing the miseries of the situation. The boys were named Ulric and Bertram and Alaric and Perseus, and the girls were Hilda and Ethelberta and Ursula—names belonging to no children known to the poor little American Sunday-school scholar, and conveying to his mind the notion that about these very boys and girls themselves there was something elfish and uncanny.

All through the book Ulric and Hilda tramped across the desert, striving in a desperate and most discouraging manner to reach some kind of a Promised Land, away off somewhere, and as the Sunday-school child of thoughtful mind read and read, he was likely to reach the conclusion that the best thing the Promised Land had to offer wasn't worth all that misery, and was apt, finally, to give his sympathy and his approval to Alaric and Ethelberta, who didn't try hard enough and so missed the Promised Land, and were lost somewhere in the desert.

The author had another book which made an impression upon some of his child-readers that half a century has not availed to efface. It was called "The Great Army." The principal character was a very human kind of a boy named Adrian. This boy, apparently without giving to the matter the kind of serious reflection which always, in the case of rightly constructed boys, precedes important action, enlisted in the Great Army and agreed to stand fast by its rules and regulations. But, after a while, when the Great Army met the foe face to face, something or other about the enemy exercised a fascinating influence upon Adrian's mind. Just what it was that struck Adrian so favorably was not wholly clear; but the temptation came to him in an alluring form, and he at once forgot all of his vows of allegiance to the Great Army, left the ranks, and went right over toward the foe, with the purpose of enlisting on that side against his recent friends.

But Adrian was not permitted to go very far. Half-way between the opposing forces a bottomless pit—actually bottomless—had been arranged, and the unhappy deserter of course stumbled into it and fell.

The faithful members of the Great Army not only saw him fall, but the author explained that they could hear Adrian's frightful yells, growing fainter and more faint as his descent was accelerated in accordance, it may be presumed, with the law of gravitation governing the movement of falling bodies.

That was an awful story. No doubt many a poor little urchin, after reading it with tingling nerves and creeping flesh, went to bed afraid of the darkness, and wondering what kind of an existence this is, anyhow, into which he had been thrust without consent or connivance on his own part.

It is to be feared, also, that more than one boy who read and reflected upon the meaning of these stories made up his mind, in a desperate kind of a way, as he began to grow in years, to have all the fun within reach, at any rate, and to let the chances with respect to consequences just stand open.

If the author of these books could have had the guidance of that best of all the faculties, named common-sense, but which indeed should be called uncommon-sense, he would have perceived the futility of the attempt to frighten children into Heaven, and the wrong to them and to the Master who loved them and would take them up in His arms and bless them, of trying by such means to impel them to embrace a faith whose very foundation-stones are love and joy and peace.

It was the fortune of the Presbyterian Church in Turley to number among its members the builder of Captain Bluitt's catapult, and to have the inventive genius of Judge McGann exerted in behalf of the church-organ.

Judge Irwin McGann always attended service at Doctor Frobisher's church on Sundays when he could find time for that purpose. It was believed that his desire was to be devout and to obtain profit from the preacher's discourses; but more than once, when he had been spoken to after church about the sermon, he had answered in such a way as to convey the impression that his mind had been engaged with other matters while the Doctor's eloquence was pouring over him. And in truth, those who sat in the side pews and could glance at Judge McGann while the preacher was speaking had noticed a far-away look in his face, as if his mental part were engaged in considering cog-wheels and pressures and centres of gravity rather than in obtaining nourishment from the sincere milk of the Word.

There seemed, indeed, to be some reason for believing that Judge McGann while sitting in church passed through all the mental processes which enabled him to invent the famous Water-Motor.

It was always a kind of grief to the Judge that the church should depend upon a boy for supplying motive power to the organ. There seemed to be a waste of energy to employ a human being to perform a service which, the Judge felt sure, might be better done by the pressure lying inert in the water-mains in the street right outside of the church-door. Besides, sometimes the boy played truant and then Sexton Tarsel was called upon to blow, which he did with feelings of indignation expressed in sighs and groans plainly heard when the organist was using the softer stops.

And even when the boy was at his post he was often drowsy. He was indeed the drowsiest boy in or near Turley. He fell asleep so often that the trustees, disliking to deprive his widowed mother of the income derived from his compensation as blower, arranged with her to have him sent to bed early on Friday and Saturday nights and to permit him to sleep late on Saturday and Sunday mornings so that he might, as it were, sleep up ahead, and thus attain the result that mere satiated nature would keep him awake on Sundays; but the mother reported that the plan could hardly be made to work in a satisfactory manner, because the boy, if sent to bed early, always went to sleep later than if he had gone at the usual hour, and never failed to awake with the earliest dawn on Saturday and Sunday mornings. She was even so imprudent as to hint that the boy did the best that any boy could do while within the hearing of Doctor Frobisher's long prayer. She said plainly that she could hardly keep awake herself, and the trustees were inclined to believe that there was a hereditary tendency to excessive sleepiness in her family.

Judge McGann worked out his plan for a motor which should be actuated by pressure from the water-works, of which pressure there was more than enough, and he constructed a working model in wood that really did seem to contain a promise of high efficiency. The Board of Trustees agreed to bear the cost of construction, and the model, with the working drawings, was turned over to Davis Cook, the plumber, who acted as Librarian for the Sunday-school.

The motor, when it was finished and applied, worked very well at the first rehearsal, and did noble service during the opening voluntary and the first hymn, but right in the middle of the second hymn the organ stopped with a huge sob, and refused to go on. Thereupon Judge McGann and Davis Cook arose from their seats, and, while the choir struggled along without instrumental accompaniment, went on tiptoe to the cellar door and disappeared. In a few moments they returned, and walking softly up to the pulpit, where Doctor Frobisher was giving out notices, the Judge explained that the pressure had been suddenly taken off the pipe, probably by a locomotive filling its tender down at the railroad station.

The organ did very well all the rest of the morning, but in the evening there was another collapse, and as both Judge McGann and Davis Cook stayed at home that evening, Uncle Tarsel was called upon to go behind the scenes and apply propulsion to the bellows-handle.

On the next Sunday morning the organ, with another convulsive sob, relapsed into silence at the beginning of the third verse of the second hymn, and the Judge and Davis Cook arose and again vanished through the cellar door. The congregation could hear them scolding about the failure of the motor as they stood in the cellar. It was plain enough that Davis Cook was twisting off a nut with his monkey-wrench while the Judge said, in an angry tone, half muffled:

"I told you not to put that valve in upsidedown."

And Davis Cook, making a very unseemly noise with the monkey-wrench, answered:

"A man who makes a working model of a thing that won't work ain't got good sense nohow."

In a few moments they came into church again, hot and breathless and angry, and when Judge McGann resumed his seat it was with a vexed countenance, which soon began to smooth down as the absent look came into his eyes and he strove to think out an improved auxiliary-valve while Doctor Frobisher passed on into "Thirdly."

The feeling began to grow among the trustees that perhaps it might be better, out of consideration for the widow and the orphan who had been in a sense displaced by the machinery, to summon again to service that somnolent boy; and this feeling, which was strengthened by the collapse of the motor during the singing of one of the hymns at a missionary meeting at which a converted Hindu Prince, Bunder Poot Singh, spoke, ripened into strong decisive purpose when, on the succeeding Saturday, as the choir gathered for rehearsal, it was found that the inlet pipe to the motor had been leaking since Sunday and that the church cellar was navigable for boats not drawing more than four inches.

The Fire-Fighters—By Herbert E. Hamblen

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE

JOE SAUNDERS resigned at the very next meeting, and I was unanimously elected foreman. I didn't like the idea at all. I would much have preferred that Joe serve out his term, but the boys wouldn't be denied, and I knew what I should get from Patsy if I persisted in declining.

It had snowed pretty continuously during the three days' fire, and when we got a chance to go after our new engine, we found her a tough and sorry-looking spectacle. The accumulation of snow had already lost its pristine purity and acquired the dingy, dirty appearance that comes to it so quickly in the city. An enterprising billposter had covered her with guttersnipes, and a broomstick, bearing a battered plug-hat, flaunted proudly from the credential-case. Her lead-colored coat had succumbed to the assaults of the weather in spots, and the resulting streaks of iron rust heightened her woebegone appearance. We shoveled her out with chastened feelings, and dragged her home.

All hands pitched in at once, and with a hearty good will, to clean her up—she had good points, and we would bring them out! We scraped off the dirt and grease, and then stripped her of every bit of brass and polished iron that we could get off, and had them heavily silver-plated. That which we couldn't get off we polished until you could have shaved by it. We had a set of solid gold numbers made—they cost a lot, but the boys had to have them. Nothing but the best—better than anybody else had—was good enough for us. Only the highest-priced carriage painters were eligible for the job of painting, gilding, striping and varnishing. The credential-case, in the centre, was two feet and a half high, and when we were through with it it was a work of art. We had the front and sides encased in oval mahogany panels, twenty by twenty-two inches. On the front one was a beautiful oil painting of Niagara Falls. The left showed a fireman protecting a widow and her orphans with a shield from a fire raging in the near distance. On the right, two firemen were seen contending on ladders for the privilege of rescuing a woman from a burning building, and the form of an angel, offering a laurel wreath, was dimly visible in the smoke. The back panel was of solid rosewood. On it, in bold relief, was carved a fire-cap, with the engine's number in gilded figures on its shield, above crossed trumpets. We had the number put on the rear panel, as we were determined that her competitors (the entire department) should view her from that direction only.

Each of these pictures was the work of a noted artist, and we paid big money for them. The four corners of the case were buttressed by gilded dolphins supporting ivory-white, fluted pillars upon their tails. The silver-plated brass cornice which surrounded the top of the case, rested on these pillars. Within, and above the cornice, a star-spangled globe appeared, furnishing a foothold for a stuffed bald eagle—showing our loyalty to the old emblem—carrying a pair of crossed American flags in his beak.

Except on state occasions, the eagle roosted on the foreman's desk; for everyday use, he was replaced by a gilded effigy of himself.

The box (main body) was of solid mahogany, tastefully carved and gilded. The hose connections, three on a side—one inlet and two outlets—were silver-plated. The wheels were done in vermilion, the caps on the hubs were gold-plated, and gold stripes radiated along the spokes—the whole presenting the appearance of a blazing star. When she was finished we had the handsomest engine ever seen in the city, and there wasn't a member of her crew but would gladly die fighting in her defense. We paid for every bit of this expensive ornamentation out of our own pockets, and we swore that she was as good as she looked, and should never be passed on the road if it were humanly possible to prevent it; and there wasn't much danger of that, for the sixty young fellows—picked from the flower of the ward—who composed her crew, could drag her as fast and as far as any engine ever was hauled.

We tried hard to be ready for our house-warming by Christmas; but there was so much to do—as we were bound to eclipse everything of the kind—that we didn't get around to it till the tenth of January. Black-eyed Sallie Taylor, the little girl whom I lowered out of the attic window the night of the big stable fire, some four years before, and my sister Jennie, had become fast friends. They, in common with the sweethearts and sisters of the other fellows, took complete charge of the decorations of both the engine and house; they made a brilliant spectacle of the one, and a veritable fairy bower of the other.

It was easily the season's event in the district. Everybody had asked his friends to bring their friends, and there had been no regrets. We were a little crowded for room, but it was a jolly crowd, out for a night's fun and bound to have it. After the engine had been the modest recipient of unstinted homage, we rolled her out to make room for the dancers. Dave Babcock mounted a stepladder in the corner and outdid Nero at burning Rome, while we tripped the merry heel and toe until two o'clock. Then the caterer called a halt, and requested us to adjourn to the banquet hall upstairs. There we found three big tables loaded down with the best the markets afforded, improved upon and perfected by a chef whose equal there was not. For more than an hour the busy click of knife and fork, and the social clink of glass, dominated an undercurrent of jest and pleasing repartee. And when the last diner left, sighing with comfortable repletion, the tables looked as though they had been struck by a West Indian cyclone.

Dancing was resumed—a little languidly at first—and within the hour we got an alarm. The night was still, clear and cold, and the old market bell spoke in no uncertain tones. It was the call from pleasure of the pleasantest to duty of the sternest. The girls were handsome and jolly, the room warm and languorous with the perfume of their presence, and—we had on our very best clothes. But if any of the boys felt a sinking at their hearts as they untwined arms from slender waists and shot a parting glance at bright eyes, to their everlasting credit be it said, there was no hesitation. Some improved the opportunity to snatch a hasty kiss under cover of the momentary confusion—I know I did.

We had been using the old engine, but it occurred to me that this was a splendid time to break in the new one. So, while the boys were tumbling over each other in their haste, I shouted: "Niagara 50!" grabbed my trumpet and dashed out in the snow. Away I went down Burke Street, up State and across through Main. I hoped to get ahead of 19, but I knew the Bald Eagles, and feared it would be impossible. When I arrived at her house the doors were open and I heard some one in there, trying to roll her out. My fellows were only a block away, around the corner, and if they got 19 out without men enough to handle her, she would block us. I hated to play a trick on dear old 19, and on our first run, too, but I couldn't have Niagara delayed—Patsy would say that my first duty was to her now.

I let one of the men catch a glimpse of my foreman's shield as I slipped in behind the engine and called out: "Whoa—hold on a minute!" I fumbled around in the dark, pretending to be doing something, until I heard the Niagaras coming—then I ran out, saying: "All right, now, my bullies; get her a-rolling—don't let those quills beat you!" and away I went, ahead of my own engine.

I had to leg it to get up ahead where I belonged, for the boys had her flying. The fire was in a mansion on Hazeltine Avenue. It had not spread beyond the dining-room when we got there. Twenty-seven Hose—whose house was only a block away—already had a stream on it. I asked Charley Bates—her foreman—to let us have his water. He readily did so, and thereafter she became our tender.

Although the dining-room was a roaring furnace, Patsy and Joe Wilson bolted through the windows with our two pipes and disappeared. The inmates were throwing household goods from the upper windows, and residents of adjoining houses were panic-stricken. Our two streams soon subdued the fire, but as the people seemed determined to throw outdoors everything they had we turned in and helped them. I had

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of six stories, by Mr. Hamblen, describing the life, rivalry and adventures of the old-time volunteer fireman. Each story is complete in itself.

just thrown a handsome mirror out of the second-story window, and Patsy was stumbling downstairs under a load of sofa pillows, when I heard Assistant Engineer Brooks call out: "'Vast playin', 50!"

I asked if we were to go home. "No, no; get down to the Bay as quick as you can—big fire down there; 19 will take your place an' wet this out!"

All the bells were ringing, and 19 was the only other engine on the ground. As she carried hose of her own, she had to stay and "wet out" the remains of the fire—a position of inferior importance. As I passed 19 her foreman, Jim Everson, called out:

"Hey, Scotty, I owe you one for the trick you played on the boys at the house this morning; you'll git your pay all right!"

"Good," I replied; "you shall have a receipt;" but I was sorry to have made an enemy of old 19, already.

There was, indeed, a big fire at the Bay; the gas-works were ablaze. A tank of tar had caught, and blazing tar was running in all directions. A dozen engines were playing on the flames, but the tar floated on the water they threw, setting everything afire with which it came in contact. The Chief ordered me to get a stream on a big gas-holder, to keep it from exploding. Twenty-seven's men got the end of the hose through a loop, and in a moment it was badly tangled.

They were within fifty feet of the hydrant, but hindering each other by their frantic efforts to get the hose clear, when the other new engine—51, from Councilman Jones' district—turned the corner with a hose-cart at her heels. She was a perfect duplicate of Niagara, this was the first appearance in public for both of us, and it would never do to let her get that hydrant. Her foreman was running ahead looking for water, and the street was as light as day. Fortunately the hydrant was in a dark corner, but it wouldn't take them long to find it, and our fellows were tangling the hose worse than ever. They had one length uncoupled and stretched out on the ground, but had lost the other end in the snarl.

It was a situation to hasten the appearance of gray hairs. I looked the ground over rapidly, and like an inspiration I saw what might, possibly, delay the inevitable. I called Patsy and gave him a faint outline of my idea. He called half a dozen of our fellows, and they grabbed the disconnected length of hose and raced with it to an old cannon that was planted in the ground at the gateway of a brewery. Fifty-one's foreman seeing them headed for what appeared to be the only unoccupied hydrant in the neighborhood, led a charge for it, too.

Patsy ordered his gang, who were not in the secret, to keep 'em back till he got coupled on. By hard sprinting our fellows got there ten seconds ahead of the Fifty-oners, and there was a scrap on, right away. Our boys were outnumbered ten to one, but they hung on nobly. It was only necessary to hold the fort for a few minutes; it was a case of martyrdom, but if they survived until we got coupled on, they would not have died in vain. Patsy told them they mustn't give in, no matter how hard they might be pressed. Of course the Fifty-oners were as eager as we; they had had their engine only a few days—she still wore her lead-colored coat—and it was a mere matter of endurance with our fellows.

We got the hose clear at last, and coupled to the hydrant just as our forlorn hope collapsed and Fifty-one captured the cannon with a wild whoop of victory. I turned my trumpet in the direction of the scrimmage, and called out:

"Man your brakes, Niagara—play away—now then, my bullies, cut yourselves loose!"

Patsy repeated the order, and led his contingent home with a rush—not one of whom had an inkling of the ruse on which he had been engaged. I could imagine the chagrin of Fifty-one's foreman when he attempted to couple his hose to that cannon which he had so valiantly captured from our little garrison. The Fifty-oners covered themselves with glory, though, before the fire was out. Not finding a hydrant, they ran a hose from the suction side of the engine to the river, and stood their ground till her paint smoked and the hands and faces of her crew were blistered.

We got two streams on the gas-holder, and the water sizzled and sputtered as it does when thrown on a hot stove.

The burning tar ran into the river, and set fire to two coal-laden schooners and several canal boats. Some of the men of their crews leaped overboard and were burned and smothered by the blazing tar. The captain of a canal boat jumped into shoal water, barely up to his waist; but before he could wade the short fifteen feet that intervened between himself and the shore, he was overcome and drowned. One of the schooners drifted across the slip when her lines burned off, and set fire to a big coke-shed that had protected us from the wind. It was a flimsy affair and went down inside of ten minutes. A great billow of smoke and flame then swept against the gas-holder we were drenching. It enveloped us a moment, strangling and singeing us, then lifted clear.

I heard some one call: "Back out, 50; cut loose and back out!"

The boys had been plying the brakes for an hour with the speed and regularity of the second-hand of a watch. Half of them lay gasping in the mud while their fellows worked, so there wasn't much wind left in them to fight the effects of that fiery blanket. As I seized an ax to cut the inlet hose, once more that fearful pall descended upon us. I shouted to the men to lie flat; but some of those on the upper deck were so late in getting down that six of them lost their lives—not a trace of them was ever found. We lay with our faces buried in the mud, the stream from the severed hose drenching, and without a doubt, saving us.

I thought the fire would never lift—that we were surely doomed. It seemed hardly worth while to fight longer—merely to prolong the agony. Then I tried to crawl in what I fancied might be the right direction. I burned my hands on hot metal and fell in a pool of scalding water. The heat so dried and shriveled my eyeballs, that I hardly knew when the fiery curtain rose. I heard hoarse cries: "Git 'er out, boys—git 'er out—don't leave 'er!" And I saw dimly, as through a screen, drenched and streaming figures straining at drag-ropes and wheels. I got hold, too, and blundering and stumbling we got her beyond the range of fire. But what a looking engine she was, and what a crew she had!

Like ourselves, she had come to the fire in holiday rig. Wreaths of evergreen, colored lamps and streamers of bunting had adorned her. Now, not a vestige, even of paint and gilding, remained. The hard-earned dollars we had lavished upon her might as well have been thrown in the sewer. With one withering blast of his breath the enemy had undone it all. In place of the gilded eagle, a shriveled crow perched upon the scorched wreck of the credential-case. There was't hair enough in the entire company to wad a gun, and we wore our whiskers tightly curled—every time I winked, for a week afterwards, my eyelids hooked together. As for clothes, for once a fire company was to be seen at a fire in *uniform*—black was the color and tatters the style. I greatly feared some of the boys had been left behind, but in the tumult, and owing to this same uniformity, it was impossible to know until they failed to answer to roll-call—nor could we be sure, until they failed to arrive home ever again.

The big gas-holder, enveloped in a solid sheet of flame, was liable to explode at any minute—and we could do nothing; it was unapproachable. The Chief ordered all engines to back out—and none too soon, either. The last one was barely clear when, with a muffled roar and the harsh sound of rending iron, the big tank let go. The earth trembled, huge masses of dense black smoke boiled high in the early morning air, with wicked red tongues of flame darting through it, and jagged sheets of iron flew in all directions, smashing roofs and knocking down chimneys.

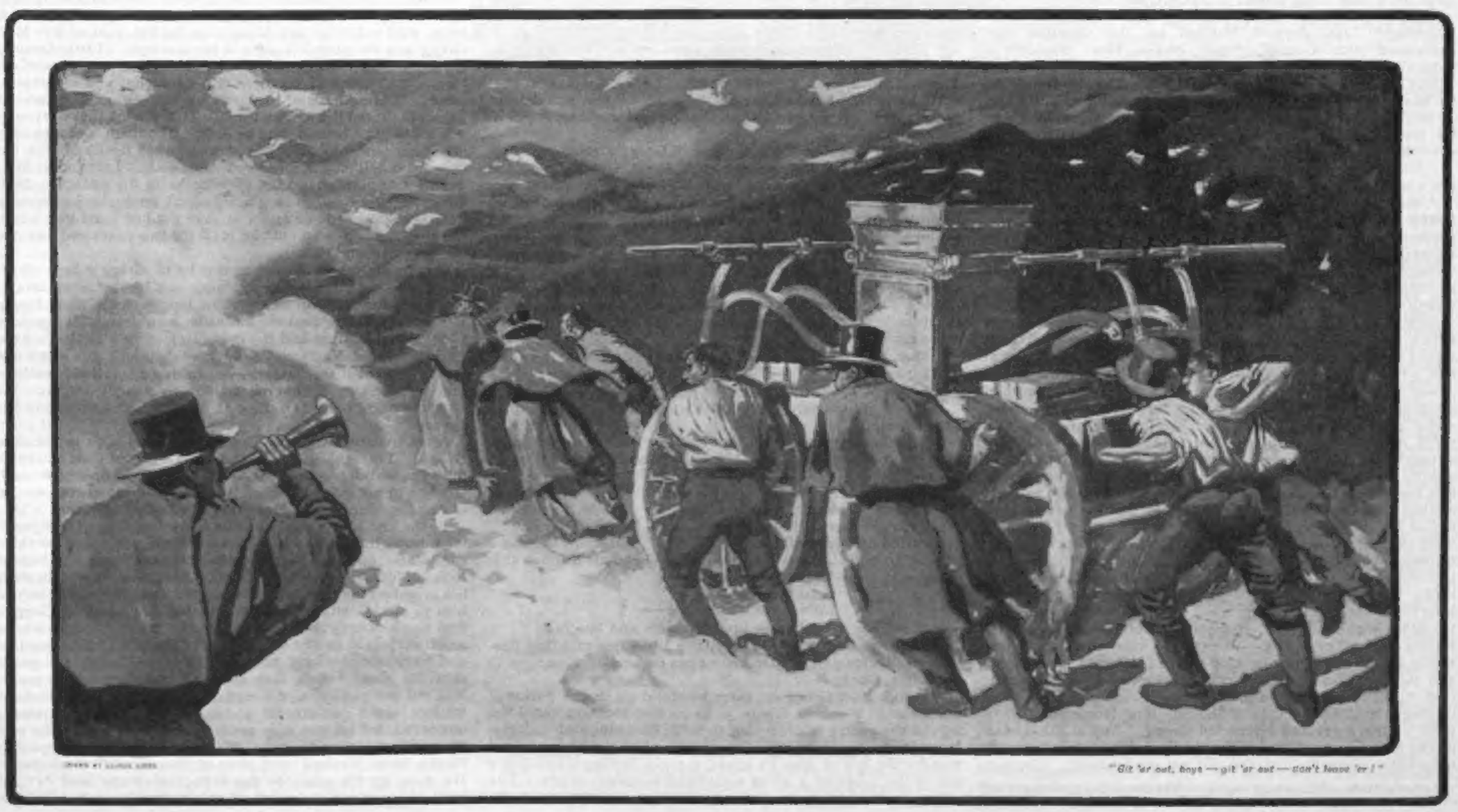
A naphtha tank, of which we had no knowledge, holding many thousand gallons of that liquid deviltry, exploded shortly afterwards, sending a shower of fiery messengers in all directions. Whatever it touched blazed forth as by spontaneous combustion; even the ground being burned a brick red to the depth of several inches. This was the fearful agent that cremated the remains of our comrades, but we knew they mercifully died before it came, for no life could have survived in that crater after we left.

The entire department was out now, the very existence of the city being threatened. There was no hope of saving the gas-works, so our attention was devoted to the prevention of a farther spread of the fire.

The intense heat caused buildings at an apparently safe distance to burst suddenly into flames. It was next to impossible to keep them wet, there were so many of them, and they dried out so quickly. Many of my crew had been taken home, severely burned, and the others were pretty well exhausted. The efficiency of the engine was greatly reduced for the want of help. There were thousands of sturdy citizens in the crowd, so I went to the fire line and asked for volunteers. Hundreds responded, but the police had a rope stretched across, and drove back all who attempted to pass. It was no time to bandy words, so I cut the rope and called them to come on. They charged, overcame the police, and relieved the boys, many of whom I persuaded to go home. Some refused to go so long as I remained, and I was grateful for their assistance, as they were better than citizens to hold pipe and handle hose, and for many other purposes.

We had settled down to a steady jog, the volunteers pumping heartily, if not as effectively as trained firemen, when a big brand, flying end over end, dropped behind a row of tenement houses across the street. I ran though a hallway and saw it blazing on the roof of a rear house. I hurried to the second floor of the front house, and was on my way to a window to call for a pipe, when a pair of sinewy hands encircled my throat from behind, and though my eyes were bulging and my wind cut off I was conscious of voluble abuse poured into my ears. In another moment the villain

(Concluded on Page 15)



"Git 'er out, boys—git 'er out—don't leave 'er!"

A Most Lamentable Comedy

By William Allen White

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT—Dan Gregg, a poverty-stricken and unsuccessful farmer of Pleasant Ridge, in a Western State, joins a newly-formed secret political organization known as the Farmers' League. Possessing remarkable verbal facility and, when strongly moved, something like hypnotic power, he wins fame as a public speaker. At the State Convention he meets and curiously impresses Mrs. Baring, a handsome widow whose brother has political ambitions. Professor McCord, an intelligent enthusiast, is also there. Gregg carries the Convention by storm, and is unexpectedly nominated by acclamation for Governor.

PART II

GREGG'S nomination took him off his feet, swept away his bearings, and left him in a state of spent confusion. By nature he was a leaner. His wife, whom he had leaned on in adversity, he felt to be inadequate in prosperity. He did not consider her possible as an adviser, and in truth she was impossible. In Pleasant Ridge, where, for a generation, men had despised and reviled him as the town infidel and the Greenback crank, he could think of no one to whom he might turn for advice and strength. He hesitated for several days before he followed his impulse and called upon James McCord. Some kind dispensation of Providence made McCord respond to Gregg's Macedonian cry and McCord was made Chairman of the State Central Committee at Gregg's request. Two weeks after the convention adjourned Gregg's campaign was going on in a businesslike manner. For McCord was methodical, industrious and efficient. But he was not a leader. Indeed, the men who seem to be leading mobs are really led by mobs; are taken off their feet by waves of impulse and suggestion, so that mob-leaders are really as irresponsible as the mobs. But McCord was strong. He was free from the prevalent mental derangement; he was influenced only by Gregg. McCord surrendered to an individual, not to a panic. So he directed his mob with considerable sanity. And yet he was only a train-dispatcher. He did not furnish the motor; that came from the people. No man could have generated the wonderful power which swept the Missouri Valley that year. It came as a cyclone comes. It was a product of conditions. Gregg himself had no conception of the force behind him.

One morning Gregg and McCord sat on the State House steps reviewing a League procession. For an hour and a half it had been filing past them; bands playing, pyramids of children on hayracks singing; farm wagons, home-made banners flying; cheering continually rising; fife and drum thrilling and throbbing, and all inspired by the blind, frenzied faith that moves mountains. For two months Gregg had been a part of similar spectacles every day in his campaign. Yet he could not grasp their import. He had been daft in his Greenback days when he fancied all the world was mad, and then when the votes were counted—but Gregg did not like to think of these times. A banner had just passed, carried by the old soldiers, denouncing the President of the United States as a traitor because of his friendship to Wall Street, when Gregg, who had been looking at the festive spectacle for a long time, turned to McCord and said:

"Say, Mac, just think—Governor, man! I'm running for Governor." He slapped McCord on the shoulder and exclaimed with a laugh: "Say, honest, Mac! wouldn't it naturally beat h—— if I was elected?"

McCord did not reply for two minutes. The children filing by in red, white and blue gowns, singing a political parody on Near the Cross, gave McCord time to think. When he spoke he was sighting along his cane pointed between his toes over the balcony railing.

"You will probably be elected. I really believe that you are a man of destiny, and you'll make it in this election."

A moment later Gregg saw Mrs. Baring approaching with a young man whom McCord identified to Gregg as Dick Turner, political correspondent for the Post, with whom Gregg held an interview on the tinplate feature of the McKinley Bill. Turner was a stuttering six-foot Irishman, who afterward accompanied Gregg on his speaking tour during the last month of the campaign.

Mrs. Baring noticed that two months as a public character, with a national reputation, had changed Gregg as much as it would have changed a woman. Living an entirely emotional life, with no thought of anything save the exercise of his power over the multitude, he had been forced into a sort of artificial bloom. She watched him bow to the procession, smile at the passing group cheering for him, and literally thrill with the tumult of the hour. And she saw what had strengthened his carriage, what had put the indefinable quality one calls bearing into his presence, what had given him something like distinction. But she noticed also that his clothes were hopelessly new, and that he had not yet got control of his cuffs. As Gregg and Turner talked, and the mob went swinging by, singing Gregg's name in gospel hymns, throwing bouquets of flowers at him, all but worshiping him in their ecstasy, Mrs. Baring wondered if the outward evolution were a sign of inward growth. Later, after Turner's interview was done, Gregg tried to take her into the conversation with McCord. Gregg was careful—and this Mrs. Baring noticed cynically—to explain twice why Mrs. Gregg was not present. Once he said she did not care for parades and politics, and once he explained that she was busy putting up fruit and could not get away. While they were talking a military band from the Soldiers' Home stopped in front of the party and serenaded Gregg. And at the climax of the harmony Mrs. Baring caught Gregg staring at her with a barbaric curiosity that she did not understand. The fine exhalation of Mrs. Baring's femininity, expressed in the algebraic terms of a well-gowned, well-groomed woman, was soothing Gregg's nerves like a perfumed breath. This much Mrs. Baring knew: that the music delighted him, and that he seemed to be in anguish for some power to release his gratification.

When Gregg made his speech from the capitol steps Mrs. Baring could not get rid of the impression that he was an actor in a play, an understudy for some great actor's characterization of Marat. The spectacle was nerve-racking. The lines were passionate. The actor's business was realistic; but to Mrs. Baring it was always Dan Gregg cast as Marat. After the harangue was finished and while the mob was milling in the State House yard, Gregg turned to Mrs. Baring and said:

"Well, madam, don't you think the great plain people have risen—by this time?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" she answered gayly. "There is no doubt of that. Why, do you know that every time I hear a wheel grate on my driveway, these days, I fear it is Citizen Gregg and Citizen McCord and Citizen George Evans coming to take me riding in their cart to the guillotine!"

Mrs. Baring laughed with the men and waved Gregg and McCord a pleasant adieu. When they got to the hotel Gregg said: "Say, Mac, what about that Baring woman? She's a new one on me."

When McCord had told Gregg all there was to tell Gregg continued: "So that's a female plutocrat, is it?" And then he added, after meditation: "Seems to be kind of domesticated. She is not nearly as ferocious as I supposed. Really bright woman." Then he grinned broadly as he exclaimed:

"Say, Mac, now don't you suppose that she has an idea that I go about the country growling Fee-Fo-Fy-Fum!—eh?"

Coming events must have cast their shadows before Gregg, for he gave the woman more thought that day than he gave the crime of '73; and he believed that he was considering a type!

Gregg had assumed a proclamatory air in public from the moment that the Chairman of the State Convention introduced him as the Abraham Lincoln of the Missouri Valley. When McCord called Gregg a man of destiny this proclamatory air began to breathe through his private conversation. He shook his head significantly even in delivering opinions about the weather. On election night he paced the floor in McCord's office at the State Central Committee's headquarters, and for two hours heard, almost without comment, returns which verified McCord's prediction. Gregg looked at the world through squinting eyes. At eleven o'clock he rose and, running his fingers through his hair, said ponderously, so that the reporters might hear:

"Men, the American people have risen. Revolution—peaceful if it may be, but revolution irresistible—has begun. There is much work ahead of us all. I am going to bed."

He tossed his head as he emphasized "I" and stalked out of the room. It seemed to him that he had made an impressive exit.

The next morning McCord came to Gregg's room carrying an armful of morning papers with Gregg's pictures on the front pages, three columns wide. Gregg at a mirror was hooking up his black ready-made tie. When he looked up from the pictures his eyes were glittering and his cheeks flushed. He faced McCord and said:

"Mac, what do you suppose all this means? A year ago I was peddling insurance in a little old graveyard of a town, a curbstone broker in defunct hopes. To-day I am elected Governor of a Commonwealth with a great popular movement at my back." Gregg's voice dropped and he wagged his head as he continued:

"Mac, I have always scoffed at the idea that there is a God, but I may be wrong." His voice deepened as he said: "Do you know, Mac, I'd try to pray for light if I wasn't ashamed."

McCord did not reply, but looked away as a man should at such times.

"Do you remember, Mac, that fellow who introduced me to the State Convention as the Abraham Lincoln of the Missouri Valley?"

McCord nodded.

"Lincoln was a failure in life, too, for a while, wasn't he? Well, maybe there is a destiny for—for—for all of us, Mac?" He smiled apologetically as he added: "You know there is a line of Ironquills' been singing in my head all through this thing, and I can't get it out:

"'I am the child of fate:
What doth it matter me——'"

McCord began gathering up the papers and laughed.

"What we both need, I fancy, is a little less manifest destiny on dreams and a little more eggs on toast. Come on to breakfast, Gregg."

A month later Gregg sat three mortal days in the parlor of his home at Pleasant Ridge, with his feet locked around the legs of the centre table, trying to write his inaugural address. It was to be his first public document and he was so impressed that for the life of him he could not get further than: "We are on the verge of a great social and economic crisis. The old order has been swept away." On the morning of the fourth day he sent a telegram asking Dick Turner, of the Post, to come to Pleasant Ridge. And thus Dick Turner came to be Gregg's private secretary. Mr. Turner went home, took down his Bartlett's Quotations and his Dictionary of Mythology, and got up an inaugural address that kept the New York Sun in spirits for nearly a year. The thing reeked with classic allusions and was sticky with the blood of revolution.

—three mortal days . . . . . trying to write his inaugural address

When he looked up from the pictures his eyes were glittering and his cheeks flushed

Gregg spent the week before the inaugural event at the capital, and took the oath of office wearing a black frock coat and pearl gray trousers and a black tie. McCord and Mrs. Baring planned what Mrs. Baring called Gregg's make-up. During the ceremonies Mrs. Baring took charge of Mrs. Gregg. Mrs. Gregg—little, thin, faded, in a new, flimsy, shiny black satin, with cheap jet twinkling over the flat front of it—Mrs. Gregg was the pitiful feature of the triumph. Little Danetta Gregg, thirteen years old, gawky, in squeaky shoes, and all legs, was a replica of her mother's confusion and embarrassment. While the band was playing Mrs. Gregg fingered her hat and faltered the explanation to Mrs. Baring that she really wished to get a bonnet, but he didn't like them, because they made her look too old; she guessed that he liked this hat because it had such a lot of red roses on it. Later, after Mrs. Baring had pointed out the dignitaries in the audience, Mrs. Gregg, who seemed to be greatly awed, apologized nervously that she supposed she ought to have got her some new teeth, but that she had been putting it off for two years and had just never got around to it.

The inaugural occasion was worthy of Gregg's best effort. For the whole country was watching in a kind of awed amazement for the dreadful things Dan Gregg would do. Gregg knew this, and he used the situation as a dramatic accessory to make his address and the inaugural scene effective. Mrs. Baring thought Marat was admirably done. There was a fine repression about the business—speaking again theatrically—that struck Mrs. Baring as artistic to a high degree. Yet Gregg's voice, repeating the oath of office, left a quiver in her nerves.

After inauguration day Mrs. Gregg went back to Pleasant Ridge. She said that she and the Governor didn't like to take the children out of school—they were doing so well. Gregg did not go to Pleasant Ridge during the winter session of the Legislature and Mrs. Gregg came up only once.

By the end of his first week as Governor, Gregg had promised, unwittingly, but with much pomp, one office to three candidates, and was beginning to wear an injured and hunted look. McCord considered Gregg's weakness in duplicating his promises the result of inexperience, and cheerfully helped him to straighten out his snarls. But the day that Gregg's first batch of appointments went to the Senate McCord was as much surprised as any one at most of them, and nine hundred and forty office-seeking revolutionists went home and made remarks about Gregg that wouldn't circulate in the mails. McCord complained that Gregg had turned the State administration into a pasture for war-horses of reform; but Gregg answered that he was only redeeming his pledges to the people. When Gregg offered to McCord his choice of any office in the State McCord took that of Insurance Commissioner. He gave up his place in the State University, and devoted himself conscientiously and effectively to his work. But the

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of September 21.

other officials whom Gregg had named forgot the civic ideals that they had put in the patter of their campaign speeches, and took the jobs—as offices were called in their parlance for the money there was in them. So, when grass came, the world had forgotten the dreadful things that Governor Gregg was going to do. The Gregg administration settled down to a routine, and Gregg's party papers began to abuse him as party papers have been abusing Governors since the world began.

Life for Governor Gregg was nearly idyllic. Scarcely a week passed that he did not deliver what he considered an epoch-making speech, and the Cause called him to many States. His picture was taken so many times that he thought that some day the State Historical Society would have to devote an entire room to his photographs. He didn't have time to listen to complaints; Dick Turner was discovering that a good place for State newspapers with articles in them abusing Gregg was the waste-basket. And Gregg was settling down to live happily ever after!

McCord took Gregg in hand socially. Governors of Western States rarely find themselves in what may be called the best society circles. Society in the West is organized outside of politics. The nearest approach Gregg made to society was when McCord took him, and occasionally Dick Turner, to the dinners which Mrs. Baring was giving to her brother, George Evans, the State Auditor. To Gregg these events became more and more important, as the cumulative education from them quickened his appreciation. To be a part, even for an hour, of a home where there were books and the talk of books, and music and pictures, and beautiful women of a type hitherto undreamed of by Gregg, was as new and as desirable an experience to him as that of wielding power. Before summer closed Gregg began to anticipate his pleasure at Mrs. Baring's dinners for days in advance, and his anticipation came to be epitomized by the mental picture of Mrs. Baring, suave, gracious, with laughing, sexless blue eyes, with a plump figure kept well in hand, and with youth—preserved, of course, but sweet and full of tang—radiating from her presence. During the winter George Evans gradually dropped out of the dinners and they became council-boards. Mrs. Baring joined the councils as a matter of course. Gregg used to save what he considered his brightest epigrams for these dinners, and he always watched for Mrs. Baring's laugh.

Mrs. Baring got into the habit of dropping into her brother's office in the State House, a room across the hall from Gregg's office, and when the Governor saw her coming up the walk leading to the capitol he used to send Turner to the Auditor's office with an invitation for Mrs. Baring to come over and help them govern. He transacted little business while he was waiting. In the second year of Gregg's term Mrs. Baring always knew that the Governor was out of town when she failed to receive this invitation.

Dick Turner observed two things early in his service: first, that when Gregg saw the letters which began to flood the office mail, late in the first year of his administration, written by the guardians of patients in the State charitable institutions, complaining of the treatment of their wards, it made Gregg irritable for an entire day; secondly, that it did not help matters with the wards. So the young man took care of these letters himself. He answered the complaints about the management of the asylum for blind children and about the food at the school for the deaf and dumb children, and letters complaining of brutalities at the boys' reform school, and the insane asylums, and all letters containing what he called "kicks," with a form which the stenographers called "No. 18." This said that the matter had been brought to the notice of the Governor and that he would give it his immediate personal attention.

So, naturally, Gregg knew little of all that was beginning to buzz about him. But he was increasing his statesmanly equipment materially. During his first eighteen months in office he committed to memory many Lincoln stories. He had been cartooned in an Eastern paper as a monkey, and had persuaded McCord to have the cartoon reproduced in a campaign circular beside the Civil War cartoons of Lincoln as a baboon. He went to school to Dick Turner, learned how to play whist and how to tie his own necktie, and that a dark hat looks well with a light suit.

But because Gregg was blind with his dream of power he could not see that the people of his State had returned to reason. The plague of folly that was upon them was lifting. It went as strangely as it came. The death of the mental plague that bound the people was invisible like the death of a soul, yet the passing was real. It left the people sane. That which had stirred them was no longer powerful. The charmed words fell on deaf ears; the hypnotic slogans brought forth no response. The fetishes ceased to terrify. The lamps in the schoolhouse were not lighted. The sound of the voices in the night suddenly hushed and the blinding fanaticism that enveloped the people rose like a cloud of locusts, and men saw things in their true order and in real relations to one another. Heaven, that permitted the pestilence to rage, knows what brought it, and what took it away. But Gregg, who saw through a glass darkly, thought all the world as mad as he was, and raved through his second campaign in a fine frenzy. But McCord, who remained Chairman of the State Central Committee, felt what he could not define and dared not tell Gregg—that the party was waning. There were crowds, of course, at the meetings; there was applause after the oratorical climaxes; there was even talk here and there of new converts in the town. But the enthusiasm, the wild, reckless, indomitable ecstasy, was gone. The party organization was more perfect, but McCord could not help feeling that it was hope of spoils rather than zeal to bring about this great reformation that was moving the committeemen. They were committeemen, not disciples, who replied to his letters. And the letters seemed to McCord, in spite of their formal encouragement, handwriting on the wall.

One day, late in October, Gregg came to the office unexpectedly from a speaking tour, and absent-mindedly began to look over the mail. A letter from a mother complaining that her daughter had died from gross neglect in the asylum for the blind children attracted Gregg. The mother's proofs of neglect were terribly convincing and Gregg shuddered, and for a minute sat drumming his fingers on his desk, trying to think just how to proceed to relieve the matter without compromising his political friends. But a messenger-boy brought a telegram from a New York paper asking for Gregg's opinion on the Homestead strike. Gregg rose and paced the floor as he dictated this:

> Three thousand years ago, according to Holy Writ, Tubal Cain forged pruning-hooks from spears, plowshares from swords. To-day Capital is running the blacksmith shop and is forging the implements of peace back into weapons of war. The men who bore these implements in the orchard and the furrow are now drilling with accoutrements of war behind capitalist barricades. Capital has appealed from brain to brawn, from right to might. To-day the barricade is between two armies. To-morrow the barricade will fall and there will be but one army, determined, invulnerable, arrayed against capitalistic oppression. The fires of battle melted the shackles that Lincoln struck from four million slaves. In the fires of the coming battle some man of destiny will arise and strike the shackles from fifty million white slaves in America. Who that man of destiny will be no one knows; but Andrew Carnegie is his imperial Cæsar, Henry C. Frick his Herod, and Terence V. Powderly is the voice crying in the wilderness.

She watched him thrill with the tumult of the hour

When the stenographer was taking the last sheet from the typewriting machine Gregg saw Mrs. Baring passing his office door, going to her brother's office. She looked in as he looked up, and they shook hands on the threshold with, "Well, well, so you're back, are you?" and "Come right in; I've been wanting to see you all the afternoon."

After the little commotion of greeting had subsided Gregg dismissed the stenographer, and Mrs. Baring found herself sitting in a chair, protesting: "But I can't stay. I must go," while Gregg, flushed, happy, squared the manuscript of his statement for the New York paper in his hand and returned: "Now, you just hold on a minute; I've got something here I want to read to you. I think it's pretty good."

Mrs. Baring repeated her protest laughingly, but did not rise. Gregg, gray-clad, olive-skinned, with a mop of coarse black hair, and with the necessary dash of scarlet in his cravat, began to read—rather to declaim—his article to Mrs. Baring, pacing the rug before her, chafing under the lash of his own rhetoric. She was not heeding his words. She was conscious only of the modulations of his mesmeric voice and was following him with an absent stare.

When he had finished he asked eagerly: "Well, how is it?" She took the paper from him and read the article through. With her head poised critically on one side she said sedately: "Well, it seems to be a case of Spartacus and Rienzi and Patrick Henry 'also ran!'"

They both laughed, and Mrs. Baring said: "Don't you mean invincible where you say invulnerable?" He nodded approval. He was buoyant, effervescent, irresponsible. As she made the correction he bent over her shoulder, apparently to follow her changes. His coat brushed her arm; his personality invested her and enveloped her and seemed to smother her. And the thrill that pierced her heart shriveled the roots of her moral sense. But she looked up at Gregg so coldly that he shivered away in a kind of nervous tremor. He was standing behind her and she could not see his face. He burst forth passionately, "God! what a mockery life is! What apples of Sodom is success!" He put his hands to his head and exclaimed bitterly: "Here I am—with the highest office in the land in easy reach of my sane ambition—hopelessly chained—bound like a slave to my fetters in Pleasant Ridge. Whatever heights I may reach I am still that Dan Gregg of Pleasant Ridge—hobbled—maimed—accursed!" He rung his hands and cried: "Oh, for some God to snap the fetters of our yesterdays!" His face twitched, his lips moved but made no sound. He sank into a chair, and rested his chin in his hands, looking at the floor. Mrs. Baring looked blankly at an open window and drummed with the pencil on the table. The affairs of the world moved on outside; the voices of men at work on the State House lawn, the patter of feet along the tiled corridors, the tinkle of typewriter bells in adjoining rooms, slipped through the stillness of the place. When the clock had marked a long, heavy minute, Mrs. Baring rose and said, in a listless voice:

"Well, I must be going."

She was on her feet before Gregg sighed heavily:

"Yes, I suppose so."

When she was gone he stood for a long time with his hands deep in his trousers pockets and his head bowed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Early Homesteaders

THE homesteaders who have settled the great West were our first expansionists. Many of them are foreigners. Most of the immigrants who have taken up farms on the prairies are of the superior races of Northern Europe—sturdy, intelligent, industrious, and ambitious to get ahead in the world, people who are calculated to make desirable citizens, and to contribute brain and sinew to the growing Republic.

There is something striking in the situation of a civilized family that voluntarily changes its normal circumstances for those which environ human beings in their most primitive and helpless state. From the viewpoint of civilized man, with his elaborate social organization, Nature is an obedient servant; but to the lonely pioneer, who invades her realm with nothing to help him but a few tools and a stout heart, she is a dangerous enemy. On every side perils threatened the early homesteader—not the least being the hostile savages, who were likely at almost any moment to swoop down upon his home.

The typical homestead of the Dakotas is flat and level. Seen from a balloon, it would usually appear as a field of waving wheat. There is little timber. In the foothills of the Rockies, on the other hand, the farms are more picturesque, whether located on river-bottoms or on the uplands of the hills, where streams cut their way down through the mesa lands. Water is plenty in those parts for irrigation, and, in winter, game of many kinds come down from the mountains. The river-bottom farms are rich in grass and are often timbered somewhat.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1901

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

THE saying that truth is stranger than fiction originated before the day of the historical novel.

THE most serious news from the Philippines is that Aguinaldo is writing another magazine article.

POSSIBLY Arctic expeditions are so popular because those who go on them get away from the domination of the ice man.

THE pioneer American potato bugs have reached England. Now the English have some reason to complain of the American invasion.

IT IS curious to note how little logic has to do with some of the important things of life. For instance, all admit that a strike is a bad thing—and yet we have strikes.

THERE are special laws to punish attempts upon the lives of the revenue officers of this Government. Why not similar legislation against the crime of attempting the life of the President?

AN EXCHANGE states that conductors for night street cars are often selected because of their ability to coerce disorderly or combative passengers. In other words, none but the brave deserve the fare.

ANOTHER German cruiser sunk in collision, another British torpedo boat wrecked on the rocks. If this kind of thing keeps up we shall soon be the foremost naval power, and that without building any more ships.

HERE is a question: If the men who took part in a plain naval engagement in broad daylight, when everything was visible and when there were no complicating circumstances to mislead them, differ so radically over simple facts, how far are we simple landsmen to trust the naval history that is written in the books?

FROM reports that come from time to time from parts of our Pacific possessions, it seems that we are in some degree the land of the free and the home of the slave. Meanwhile, those legislators and Government officials, who so comfortably pass the fact of slavery by, forget that a plain provision in our Constitution absolutely forbids slavery, not only within the United States but in any territory subject to it.

NOTHING could better show the stability of this Government than the ordeals through which it has recently passed. The demonstration is useful because it may impress even those timid and talkative souls who see disaster in every cloud and ruin in every change. The Nation is stronger than it ever was—not because it is bigger, but because the men who make it are stronger and better men.

USUALLY politics would be getting very warm about this time of the autumn, but it is an off year in National contests, and we shall have to be content with a few vigorous fights for United States Senatorships. Still, the movement for better government in some of the large cities—notably New York and Philadelphia—will be of sufficient moment to keep the country reasonably interested. There is no doubt about the fact that politics is our National game.

IT IS said that $9,000,000 will be needed for the repair of our warships during the next fiscal year. Was it our ships or those of the Spanish that were so badly battered during the late unpleasantness?

A FEW more revolutions and rebellions in Central and South America tend to remind us that the wise man was right when he remarked upon the absence of novelty in the things that happen under the sun.

A MAN who died in New York the other day was worth over $15,000,000 and yet he got less than a quarter of a column in the newspapers. In our new century anything under $100,000,000 does not seem to count—except it be the poverty of a man who does something for the world that is more valuable than the accumulation of money.

President Roosevelt

UNDER the shadow of a heavy sorrow the Nation greets President Roosevelt. Younger than any man who before has held the Presidency of the United States, our new Chief Magistrate has on that account a fuller measure of the Nation's sympathy. Honest, personally brave, of a sincere Americanism, the Nation looks to him to lead it further in its career of honorable glory, of honorable success.

Assuming his high office in a time of National grief, and under painful and delicate circumstances, all classes, all parties, all sections freely offer him their sympathy, their confidence, their encouragement.

The assassination of its President has stirred the Nation to its depths. But while it is still sorrowing over the tragedy that has passed, it sees hope for continued prosperity, for continued National progress, in the accession of a man who has been tried in the balance of high office, who is conversant with important public affairs, and whose record thus far has been one of achievement and activity.

Hide-and-Seek Among the Kopjes

THERE seem to be enough Boers uncaptured to give the British about all they want to do for some time to come. For several months now it has taken an average of ten Britons to keep track of one Boer, and the ten have generally failed in the work. There still remains to a race like the brave South Afrikanders, after all their battle against the odds of great numbers, this guerrilla warfare, and it is idle to expect that a people who have sacrificed everything on earth, except honor, for their homes and their liberty, will make an abject surrender to their enemies until the last means of opposition is exhausted.

No event of this century, not even our own Civil War, offers such a theme to the historian of the future as the protest of the South African Republic against the onslaught of a great Power. Even the English are saying in their newspapers and their reviews, and in their speeches, that there is no glory for England in the war. Inasmuch as the credit is wanting on the side of the giant who is using his strength, so much greater will be the glory to the little band which has dared to risk everything for freedom.

Familiarity that Breeds Danger

THE late President McKinley is reported to have said shortly before his assassination that there could be no safeguard, in this country, with our institutions, against such happenings as that of the sixth of September. What the President clearly had in mind was the unavoidable danger to which the American institution of hand shaking as administered to the Administration exposes the Chief Executive.

It has long been notorious that the ordeal inflicted upon the President at every public function is not only fatiguing in the extreme but even physically painful. What, then, must be the mental attitude of the victim toward his tormentors? Can it be one of good-fellowship? And how must those who have pulled and battered him like the schoolboy captain of a winning team be affected? Do they carry away with them the awe of a great presence and a sense of the majesty of an august office?

Spectators of the Philadelphia National Convention who saw the treatment received by the then Vice Presidential candidate at the hands of Republican stalwarts cannot think so. He was hustled, hunted, bruised, trod upon and beaten between the shoulders much more like a captured pickpocket than the chosen candidate for the second highest honors in the gift of the Nation. The expression of his face was a curious commingling of resistance, anger, deprecation and disgust. The police rushed in and the incident was closed, but thoughtful persons went home wondering what the people had really assembled for—to choose candidates for our highest offices or to play a rough game.

Though the intention in all this is undoubtedly good, the effect is none the less bad.

Criticism is part of our Government. It can never be suppressed and it may only be abated with much caution. But horse-play and scurrility undoubtedly pave the way to a cheapening of respect from which dangerous abuses of freedom may grow.

Stamping Out Anarchy by Police Powers

AT THE present pitch of public excitement the conscientious police official who is called upon to deal practically with the suppression of potential anarchy finds himself in a most difficult position. On the one hand he feels the force of a tremendous public sentiment against the murderous enemies of the law; on the other, the sobering weight of direct responsibility and a sense of the inadequacy of the agencies at his command. He is in sympathy with the righteous indignation of a people outraged by the act of an assassin, and the popular clamor that this hidden reptile, which menaces the lives of the representatives of the law, must be stamped out, meets with a response in his own heart. But he also realizes that he is hedged about with inflexible limitations.

First and foremost of these is the knowledge that he must *keep within the law*. For him to exceed the law would be to resort to the very means and methods advocated by the anarchists themselves and thus furnish strength to their own arguments and doctrines. Such a course would inevitably intensify the hatred against the law which is held by those of anarchistic tendencies and thereby bring the law into shameful disrepute. The logic of this is so self-evident that the statement of the principle might seem wholly superfluous and uncalled for; but a review of the public statements made by good citizens under the stress of passion provoked by the lamentable tragedy at Buffalo will indicate that there is good reason for the reminder that all efforts for the suppression of anarchy must be strictly within the law.

It only remains, therefore, to be said that the law itself should be so strengthened and fortified that it will be powerful and comprehensive enough to enable the properly constituted authorities to deal effectively with anarchists and every other class of persons who scheme to overthrow the Government by violent means.

Of course the commission of an overt act makes the way of the police power clear and open, so far as those connected with that particular crime are concerned. This, however, is not the most perplexing problem which confronts the police executive in a crisis like the present. He faces the question: What can the police do to suppress incipient anarchy before it takes form in open crime?

There is but one answer to make to this inquiry, and it is this: Keep all persons who may reasonably be suspected of anarchistic tendencies under a strict, constant and unremitting surveillance; give them to know that they are always under the eye of the police, that their doings and utterances are carefully watched, and that the police know at any moment where to put hands upon them when trouble occurs. This is the most effective discourager of anarchy at present within the power of any police force in America. That this will be more consistently, persistently and generally done in the future than it has been done in the past cannot be doubted. Continuous and unflagging effort in this line is, it seems to me, the key to the whole situation, so far as the police are concerned.

The first and main effect of such a line of procedure will be the deterrent influence upon the anarchists themselves. Every human being shrinks instinctively from the thought of being "shadowed," and anarchists, practical or theoretical, are no exceptions to this rule. Then, in case of an actual outbreak, this surveillance is likely to enable the police authorities to catch suspects before they are able to get out of the way and to gain clews useful in uncovering proof of conspiracy.

So far as Chicago is concerned, it should be said that its anarchists have not yet forgotten the lesson instilled by the Haymarket convictions and they still cherish a wholesome dread of that word "conspiracy." Although the person who actually threw the bomb which sacrificed the lives of eleven police officers and injured fifty-five other policemen was not captured, swift punishment was dealt to the conspirators, a number of whom were hanged and others sent to the penitentiary.

Since then the anarchists of Chicago have had no large meetings; they have indulged in no outbreaks, no public appeals to violence and no open denunciation of government. Their old time cry of "Down with the government!" has been effectively stilled, for they know that they are watched and that the law will be rigidly enforced. Also it is due to Chicago to say that the most searching police investigation has failed (up to the time of this writing) to bring out any evidence that the plot against the life of President McKinley—if plot existed—was hatched in this city. I have found nothing to indicate that the anarchists of Chicago had any direct connection with the awful tragedy at Buffalo. But my information does indicate that the hotbeds of anarchists having murderous tendencies are located east of Chicago.

Suppression of open meetings where free discussion within the limitations of the statutes is heard invariably has a tendency to embitter and intensify the hatred of the law held by those who would overthrow the Government or make government impossible. This, too, has a tendency to cause such persons to operate through secret meetings. Too stringent a repression of "free speech" furnishes these persons with new weapons and new arguments by which to appeal to the passions of those who harbor latent anarchistic tendencies, and adds fresh fuel to the fires of their hatred for law and order. So long as their utterances are within the law they must be allowed; if the law is at fault, then let it be remedied. And in any event it is plain that police powers must, in this province, be exercised with great discretion and in a manner not to aggravate the very offense against which it is desired to protect the public.

—FRANCIS O'NEILL,
General Superintendent of Police, Chicago.

Breeding Wheat in Minnesota

By Willet M. Hays

Agriculturist, University of Minnesota Experiment Station

SOON after the Minnesota Experiment Station was established, fourteen years ago, experiments were begun to increase the yielding ability of Minnesota's wheat crop. Hundreds of varieties of wheat were collected from America and other continents. Nothing was found better suited to the climate and soils of Minnesota than hard Fife and Blue Stem, the two varieties that had made the Middle Northwest famous for the production of hard wheat and glutinous flour.

The Experiment Station early began breeding experiments with these two wheats, and also with a number of imported varieties which stood next to the Fife and Blue Stem in value by the acre under Minnesota farm conditions.

The breeding experiments took two directions. In the one case the breeding was merely a matter of selecting plants from among each of the several original varieties. This selection goes through a number of steps. In the first place, several thousand seeds are so planted, one seed in a hill, so that each plant has an equal chance with each other plant When ripe, all but about five per cent. of the best plants are at once discarded by inspection. The seeds from these are weighed and graded and four-fifths of them are discarded, leaving one per cent. of the whole to be used as mother plants. A hundred plants are now grown from each of these mother plants and the best seeds are each year taken from the best heads, from the best resulting plants in each hundred, for planting the next year. Plots of a hundred plants from each mother plant are thus grown for three years, and the seeds are weighed and the yield of seeds of the average progeny of each mother plant for the three years is by this means determined.

The stocks, or new varieties, originated from each of the several mother plants are now compared by averaging the yield of their respective progenies. All stocks are now discarded excepting those few which have made an exceptional showing.

These best stocks are taken to field test plots, and for three years are grown in comparison with the standard old wheats and the best other wheats.

Any of these new varieties which show very marked ability to yield high are subjected to severe milling tests. If they prove to be superior in bread-making qualities as well as high in yield they are rapidly increased and sold to graduates of the School of Agriculture, to other good farmers, and to seed growers, who in turn grow them in very large quantities and sell them to the farmers of the State.

The other direction of these experiments is that of creating new variations so as to make a better foundation for new varieties. This is done by selecting superior plants from among the superior stocks, under the experiments mentioned above, and hybridizing them. This process is really simple, though the flowers of the wheat are somewhat small and the manipulation slightly difficult. The flowers on the head of wheat of one variety are all emasculated while they are slightly green. A day or two later the male anthers bearing the male germs are brought from another strong variety and supplied to the flowers of the kind that is used for the female parent

The hybrid seeds thus produced are grown as a mixed hybrid for from two to four years, giving the blood lines of the two parent wheats time to combine in all possible new forms.

Hundreds of hybrids are thus being developed from the work of a single hybridizer handling wheat flowers for a week. These new hybrids are now planted in beds of a thousand plants, with only one seed in a hill; and the process of selection and testing described above is being carried out in the same way as was done with the original common wheats.

Both of these plans are very convenient in making new varieties. More immediate results are obtained by the process of selection alone. But the promise of important results is very much greater where hybridizing and selection combined are carried on extensively. The Minnesota Experiment Station is spending thousands of dollars in this work annually. With the assistance of the National Department of Agriculture a number of the adjacent States are becoming associated in this class of experimental work, under a cooperative arrangement.

These experiments do not include wheat alone, but all of the staple field crops of the Northwest, and once the plan of cooperation between State experiment stations is under full headway the breeding of field crops will go forward with rapid strides.

The Minnesota station already has new wheats which are adding from ten to fifteen per cent. to the crop, and these are being so rapidly multiplied that they are promising generally to supplant the common wheats of the various counties. The Experiment Station has inaugurated a new and businesslike plan of selling the new varieties at fair seed prices to good farmers and to seed growers who will grow the seed for sale.

Breeding experiments with flax have given even more marked results than with wheat, and results of value are being attained with oats, barleys, clovers, timothy and other field crops.

A National Naval Reserve

By George Edmund Foss

Chairman House Committee on Naval Affairs in 56th Congress

THE splendid triumphs of the American fleets in the war with Spain aroused a naval spirit in this country which is producing important results in unexpected ways. Among the movements which owe their inspiration directly to this cause is that which is now making for the establishment of a National Naval Reserve.

Actual hostilities on the high seas did more than fire the interest of the young men of this nation in the naval branch of our fighting forces. They also brought to practical test the theories upon which an important body of potential naval recruits had been crystallized. This organization was popularly known as the Naval Militia, and its points, both of strength and of weakness, were tried out in the severe and impartial demands of real warfare. Probably the most important result achieved in these experiences is the conclusive proof that a Naval Reserve or Militia to be effective in actual service must be organized along National instead of State lines

This conviction has been the inspiration of three bills introduced in Congress and now in the hands of the Committee on Naval Affairs. The keynote of all these measures is organization of a National Naval Reserve, as distinct from the Naval Militia, which has been, to all practical purposes, an adjunct to the State military.

The State Naval Militia would still be preserved, however, and its members would be eligible to membership in the National Naval Reserve

In the war with Spain it was found that, almost universally, these various organizations were eager to enlist and see actual service, but were desirous that the integrity of the State organization should be preserved and that the members of each organization should be assigned to the same ship instead of enlisting individually and being separated. Such a practice was, manifestly, an impossibility, and would have resulted in many instances in placing an entire ship in the hands of an unseasoned crew from the interior of the country Then, of course, the demand was generally for a few recruits —say a dozen or a score—on a ship

Though most of the Naval Militia organizations saw the logic of the situation and surrendered all hope of seeing service as an unbroken body, yet a few insisted upon the preservation of the integrity of the State body.

Nationalization of this potential force of sea fighters will lend new dignity to the entire organization; will give it uniformity of sentiment, of discipline, of drill, of equipment and facilities, of authority and standing — in short, will give it a cohesion and unity wholly impossible under the present order.

It is clearly impolitic for me, as a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, and as the introducer of one of the pending Naval Reserve bills, to enter into a detailed discussion of those measures. However, it may be permissible for me to state that these measures are likely to be considered at the next session of Congress. That one of them, or a new bill embodying the best features of the present measures, will then be pressed, I cannot doubt, for the Secretary of the Navy is earnestly devoted to the creation of a National Naval Reserve, and the men who are most interested in the development of our navy are agreed upon the necessity of such a movement, having for its central feature the nationalizing, and the increase in numbers and efficiency, of this great protective agent. One bill, which probably embodies more nearly than any other the views of the Navy Department, involves an annual expenditure of from $250,000 to $500,000, and another measure contemplates the yearly outlay of more than a million dollars.

In any event, the country is warranted in expecting that Congress will give its consideration to a proposition of such National scope and character.

Why Americans Live Longer

By Cyrus Edson, M. D.

THE Government Bulletin showing that the length of life in the United States is materially increasing will be taken as a matter of course by all observing persons. It would be astonishing if it were otherwise. The great gain is in the lower death rate among infants, among children under five. The death rate among this class is very much lower than it was before, and by before I mean twenty-five years ago. The improvement within that period has been nothing short of marvelous. Children under the age of five are peculiarly susceptible to bad sanitary conditions, and it is along the lines of sanitation that we have made the greatest improvement in the period I speak of.

Adults live longer now than they used to because the conditions all about are constantly improving. The surroundings in every dwelling-place are better than they were, and, what is quite as important, the opportunities for getting good food are very much better. There is more money in circulation, people are more prosperous, and they are putting into their stomachs a higher grade of food than was the case twenty-five years ago. The question of diet has received very close attention, and on all sides new and nourishing foods have been put on the market at a very low price.

The increase of knowledge, general knowledge, among the masses has to do directly with the greater longevity. People in the ordinary walks of life who formerly knew nothing and cared less about hygiene, are well informed now through the great spread of practical knowledge by means of newspapers and periodicals. The result is that our people realize and recognize at once dangers to health and well-being that formerly had no existence for them. They see the pitfalls almost as readily as the most expert, and avoid them. Twenty years ago one of the most prolific sources of sickness was polluted water, the use of which was almost general. On the farms you would find almost invariably that the well and the cesspool were so close together that the water was of necessity deleteriously affected. Most people could not believe that so long as water was clean and sparkling it could carry contagion. We all of us realize that sometimes the most dangerous water is the best looking. The result of this is that typhoid, which was so common fifteen years ago, has been very largely put under control.

We have learned many other lessons in the past few years that help us to prolong life by avoiding fatal diseases. We know that contagion is carried by insects. We have learned the danger of promiscuous spitting, and everywhere the Health Boards are having laws passed against it. We have learned the value of cleanliness. Among the masses, ten people bathe regularly now where one did a dozen years ago. We have learned the value of cleanliness in our food. We realize the danger of keeping our supplies in dirty ice-boxes, where food is readily decomposed. We have learned to guard carefully against impure ice.

Probably the most important item in this connection is the better understanding that mothers have regarding the care and feeding of infants. There is, even in the slums, hardly a woman who has not within the past ten years had drilled into her a better understanding of the handling of children than was possessed formerly by women in our more pretentious households. The revolution in this respect can only be appreciated by those who are brought in contact with the tenement-house dwelling.

A feature that has materially decreased the death rate is the more rational system of amusement that has come in within the last fifteen or twenty years. People have learned the danger of over-working and under-playing; they go more to the theatre and other places where they can relax their minds. They take vacations during some part of the hot months; they live out-of-doors as much as possible. Golfing, bicycling and other out-of-door sports have come in, to the great advantage both of our minds and bodies.

Cities, large and small, have learned to keep their streets clean, and clean streets have a direct bearing on the death rate. In New York I have seen the death rate go up and down, according to whether the streets were well or poorly cleaned. Towns of any considerable size have adopted fairly rational methods of sewage disposal.

In my opinion the future will show even a greater improvement, relatively, in the death rate than the past. We have learned rapidly, but are only at the beginning. We have not yet begun to reap the full benefit of the knowledge we have already absorbed. There is reason to believe that within a comparatively short time the great body of our people will live to be a hundred.

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Men & Women of the Hour

A Bad Leak in the Treasury

Mr. Milton E. Ailes

THE recent rise of Mr. Milton E. Ailes to the Assistant Secretaryship of the Treasury pleased hosts of friends, and, to those familiar with his ability in fiscal administration, the salary attached to the office, $4500 per annum, seems far from large; but to a certain old lady in Ohio the fact that the boy she used to know is now drawing that sum yearly will have all the force of a sensation.

"This dear old friend," says Mr. Ailes, "knew me when I was a barefoot urchin, and it is well-nigh impossible for her to associate me with public office. Her world has been a small one, the boundaries of the county have marked her most adventurous traveling, and when I go home and call on her, my accounts of life in Washington, which I have to make exceedingly tame lest her wavering faith in my truthfulness be utterly destroyed, fill her with vast perplexity and apprehension for her country's future."

Mr. Ailes paid this aged mentor a visit while he was private secretary to Secretary Gage.

"Milton," said she, "tell me honestly, how much do you get in your position?"

"Two thousand a year," he replied

The good old soul gasped and all but fainted. Recovering, she exclaimed: "Two thousand dollars! No wonder the United States isn't able to pay its national debt!"

Mr. Rockefeller's Telephone

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil king, is one man whom no one in Cleveland calls up over the telephone in that familiar, cold-hearted manner now so much in vogue in these days of electrical communication.

"You can't get Mr. Rockefeller's residence," is the answer the telephone girl sweetly returns to all who desire connection with the Rockefeller mansion.

A year ago, when Mr. Rockefeller spent several months in his home town, he had to have a man constantly at the 'phone answering calls, many of which were from persons who wished to get the millionaire's ear with the hope of obtaining a fat subscription to some cause or another. It became a great annoyance not only to Mr. Rockefeller but to his family, and this year he gave orders that his telephone number should be taken from the directory and the line should always be busy when any one called for his residence

So, no matter how badly friends of the Rockefeller family desire to telephone to the house, they cannot gratify their desire, for the telephone girls carry out their instructions to the letter.

A Methuselah at Twenty-Seven

Mr. John Barrett

MR. JOHN BARRETT, formerly United States Minister to Siam, and who has recently been appointed Commissioner-General to Asia, Australia and the Philippines for the coming St. Louis Exposition, has enjoyed a career of singularly rich and varied experience for a man who has not yet arrived at the thirty-fifth anniversary of his birthday. When President Cleveland appointed him Minister to Siam he was only twenty-seven years of age, the youngest fully accredited envoy who ever represented America at a foreign court. Before that distinction was conferred upon him he had been a reporter, a college professor, an editor and a world wide traveler

Mr. Barrett is tall, has a resonant voice, is quick and decisive in manner and has an air of great force. His face, though full of character, is boyish, and he wears neither beard nor mustache. When he arrived at Bangkok, prepared to press the then pending Cheek claim of $1,000,000 against the Siamese government, older Ministers from European nations gave him advice. "You must meet the Asiatics with their own adroit methods" said one. "Outspoken Anglo-Saxon negotiations won't go."

"If truth is unknown at the council tables of Kings in the far East, let me have the honor to introduce it," was the rejoinder

Laughter convulsed the other diplomats when the news was received of the Minister's "beardless manifesto," but he won the American claim, secured the first interpretation of American extra-territorial rights in Asia, and was summoned to a banquet by the King

Mr. Barrett regards King Khoulalongkorn as the greatest figure in Asia. He is intensely up-to-date. His palace, says Mr. Barrett, is as modern as the best Fifth Avenue mansion Phonographs sing him American popular songs. Under electric lights he reads English and American magazines and books. He is an admirer of Kipling, whom he has entertained familiarly in his palace. He speaks English and the Continental languages with ease and accuracy

One day, at a state dinner given to the foreign envoys, the King said to Mr. Barrett:

"My son, the Crown Prince, is studying American ways and institutions, and I should like to know whether you would recommend De Tocqueville or Bryce for a beginner."

A salutation of respect in China, says Mr Barrett, is to comment on the mature and even venerable appearance of one's guest When the Minister to Siam called officially on Li Hung Chang he was accompanied by a prominent missionary, a man eighty years of age, with white hair and beard, who was to serve as interpreter. Unknown to Mr. Barrett, the missionary and the Chinaman had had a falling out some years before. Li came into the reception-room, saluted Mr. Barrett cordially, and bowed stiffly to the patriarchal interpreter. To the youthful Minister the Premier said

"I congratulate you, sir, on your venerable mien;" and then, nodding toward the octogenarian, he asked: "And is this your son?"

Madame Nordica's Four Dolls

Madame Nordica

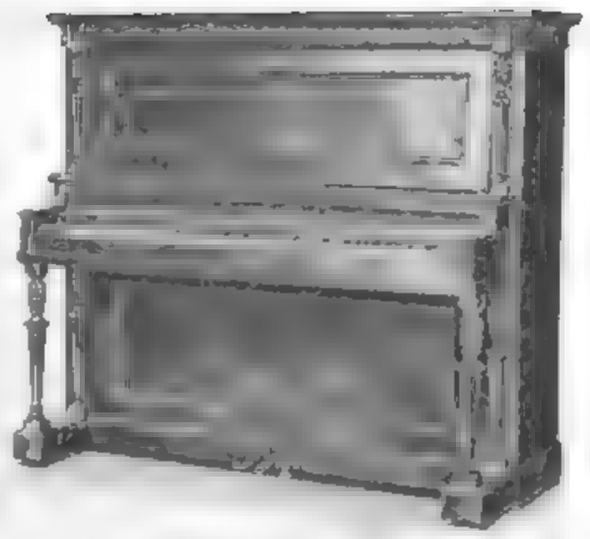
MADAME NORDICA spent some time in the Black Forest during the past summer preparing for her appearances at the opening of the new Wagner Theatre in Munich, an event of importance in the musical world. The theatre is a counterpart of the one planned and built by Wagner at Bayreuth

In her walks (for she is an inveterate pedestrian) she passed, one morning, in the tiny village of Boll, four little girls playing in front of a tumble-down house built, apparently, in mediæval times. They had a doll of a unique description. It was made of a bootjack, clad in a torn bit of apron

The next afternoon Madame Nordica set out on foot for Bonndorf, the nearest village of importance, with two friends. Half way up the mountain the rain, which had threatened for some hours, came dripping down Throwing her cloak about her shoulders and digging her walking-cane firmly into the slippery way, she climbed upward. Her cheeks were pink from exertion, and perspiration mingled with the rain-drops on her face, but to Bonndorf she finally came.

A search disclosed a shop where dolls of wonderful waxen and expressionless countenances, of the kind that see light in the Black Forest, were waiting on the shelves.

The hour was late, so a carriage was ordered at the inn, and down to Boll she drove in the twilight. Out of the carriage she climbed, the famous Brunnhilde of the Metropolitan Opera, and lifted the antique knocker on the door of the tumble-down house in Boll. It was not yet night, but the peasants had gone to bed. Presently a man's head was stuck out of the window. To explain her mission was a brief matter. The smiling father, in rather scant raiment, hurried down to take the paper containing the four dolls. As she drove away four tousled yellow little heads were stuck out of the window, and shrieks of delight followed her while she waved her hand until a bend in the road shut out the sight and sound of the happiness that she had left behind.



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The Fire-Fighters

By Herbert E. Hamblen

(Concluded from Page 9)

was on my shoulders and had twined a pair of vigorous legs around my body. I stumbled out into the dark hall, and, hoping to be rid of my assailant, threw myself over heavily backwards. We crashed through the rickety banister, rolled heels over head to the bottom of the stairs, and landed at the foot, my friend on top and apparently as sound as ever

I now learned from her infernal screeching that she was a woman; crazy, without a doubt. She let go my throat and seized me by the hair, pounding my face with discouraging force on the bottom step. All the time she kept yelling vile epithets in my ear, the least offensive of which were "thief!" and "robber!" She got between me and a rear window, and her scraggy form, half-clad in miserable rags, was revealed. I made a dash for her. She let out a blood-curdling whoop and leaped through the window, taking sash and all

I followed the same way. She flew across the yard and into the rear house, the roof of which was already ablaze, while an occasional whiff of smoke came from one of the upper windows Half way up the stairs a step was gone, and my foot went through the hole There was no banister, but I got hold of something and saved myself from a fall. When I reached the opposite wall the door slammed behind me, and from the outside the old crone saluted me with

"Aha, ye divil, ye!" (cough) "I have ye now!" (sneeze) "Rob a poor woman old enough to be yer gran'mother, will ye?" Then the smoke got into her throat and she broke into a violent fit of coughing.

I hurried back and found the door locked —it shut from the inside

Spurred by dropping sparks and the odor of burning cloth, I gritted my teeth and went at it. The woman spared a breath between sneezes to curse me every time I bucked the door. "Oho, ye will, will ye? Not you, me buck! Ha, ha, I have ye now! Hit it agin, bad scran to ye!" and so she encouraged me until the door suddenly gave way and I pitched headlong into the hall, knocking her sprawling. I grappled with her, and struggled to my feet. I reached around her to break the window. It was stove in, and we were floored by a stream from Niagara's hose

The water drove back the smoke and brought in the air. We were half drowned, but still it was a relief—or a change, anyway. Of course the poor old woman got the brunt of it, including the sash. The cold air revived her, she resumed her antics, and I cheerfully resigned her to a policeman

It took me nearly two hours to get home, and after mother and Jennie got me cleaned and fixed up I went to bed and stayed there for ten days. Patsy called four days later—as soon as he was able to get out—and reported the loss of our men. Although not altogether unexpected, I was greatly shocked It had been a fearful baptism for our new machine, and every member of the company was a close, personal friend. Mr. Leighton brought our misfortune to the attention of the Common Council. They passed a vote of sympathy with the families of our lost comrades, and gave us two hundred dollars to help fix up the engine again

Before the boys did a thing to her, while she was still black and dirty, they held a funeral service in commemoration of our martyred members. They draped her and took her to church. A funeral sermon was preached, and then they paraded the principal streets with her. They sent me a carriage, but the doctor wouldn't let me out, so they marched by the house.

One day, about a week after I got out, a stranger tapped me on the shoulder and said.

"Mr Sinclair, I believe?"

"Yes"

"Mr. Robert Sinclair?"

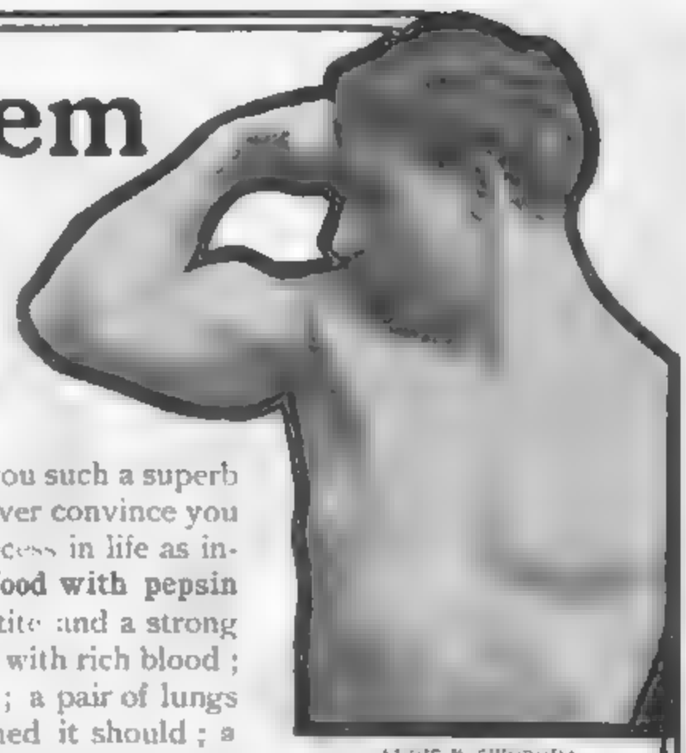
"That's my name; what can I do for you?"

"Trouble you to look at this document, a moment, Mr. Sinclair, if you please."

It was a warrant for my arrest for interfering with an officer while in performance of his duty; the date that of the gas-house fire. The chief of police had disciplined the officer for letting the crowd through the lines, and he, of course, reported that I cut the rope

I declined to accept a police magistrate's decision in the matter, and before I got through with it it cost me about two hundred dollars for the privilege of rendering the city some four hours' free service.

The Swoboda System



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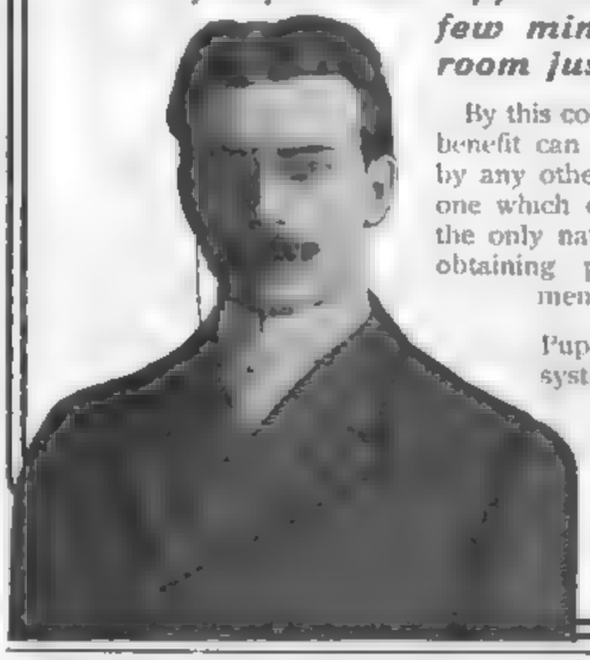

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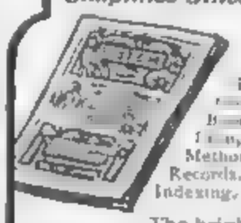

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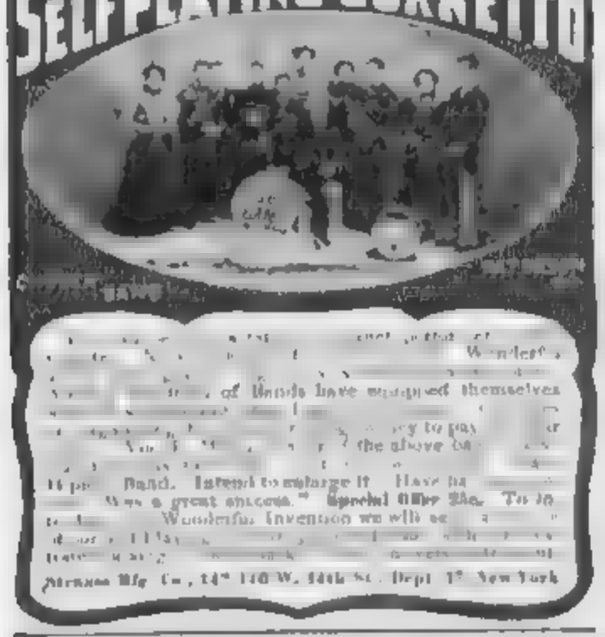

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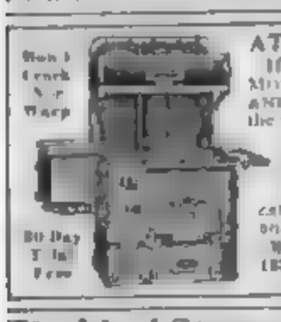

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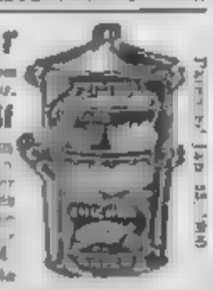

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Literary Folk

Their Ways & Their Work

Hall Caine's Eternal City

Mr. Hall Caine

IT IS time that humanitarians organized a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Italians. The liberties taken by novelists with that unhappy race have long called for redress; and Mr. Hall Caine's latest story, The Eternal City (*D. Appleton & Co.*), should arouse us to the need of amendment. It is a curious fact that though no one dreams of writing a novel about Norwegians unless he is well acquainted with Norway, nor about Russians unless he knows Russia, every man cherishes the illusion that a winter in Rome places all Italy in his grasp. It has yet to dawn upon the Anglo-Saxon that a Latin nation is to him a sealed book; that he has no key to its hidden places, no common standard by which to judge its civilization, no sympathy by which to lay hold of its emotions. Mr. Caine, as a Manxman, may feel that his Celtic ancestry helps him to a closer view of that which is never laid bare; but to hear him allude casually to the "big hearted, baby-headed, beloved children of Italy," is to realize the naive nature of his ignorance.

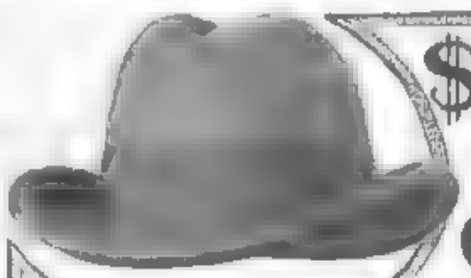
The Romans presented to us in this lengthy romance are of a type long familiar to novel-readers and playgoers. There is Baron Bonelli, "President of the Council and Minister of the Interior"—a most accomplished statesman and villain. There is his favorite, the beautiful and mysterious Roma. There is David Rossi, a noble-hearted hero and anarchist, who divides his time between writing passionate but imprudent love-letters (possibly with a view to future publication) and still more passionate and imprudent manifestoes. There is a venerable Pontiff, called, by Mr. Caine, Pius the Tenth, whose intentions are excellent, though his behavior seems distressingly feeble; and whose one occupation is to hold agitated interviews with the other characters in the book, particularly with Roma, who has the truly feminine habit of telling all she knows. Not that her male acquaintances are far behind her in this respect. Every one possessed of a state secret discusses it with charming freedom and candor.

The details of the story are somewhat intricate. Roma, sent by Bonelli to beguile and betray Rossi, falls passionately in love, and marries him secretly instead. Rossi, meditating schemes of anarchy as vast as they are vague, is arrested, escapes, and flies to England, in which harbor of the expatriated he composes love-letters and manifestoes to his heart's content. Roma, parted from her husband, comes to the conclusion that "God intends her" to kill Bonelli, and has the pistol in her hand, when Rossi turns up unexpectedly and does the job himself. He then takes refuge in the Vatican, where the Pope protects him, while Roma confesses the crime and is condemned to imprisonment for life in the Castle of St. Angelo. Here the Pope visits her in the most informal and friendly way, and finally receives her into the Catholic Church. Meanwhile a talkative Capuchin monk has confided to her that Rossi is the Pontiff's son, born in lawful wedlock ere his father had dreamed of taking his priestly vows.

Nobody but the Capuchin appears to be aware of this interesting circumstance, the child's mother having placed him in a foundling asylum before drowning herself, which she does out of pure disinterestedness, and because she feels she is an obstacle in her husband's path. Roma, however, who is principled against keeping secrets, hints this one broadly to the Pope, who, in turn, confides it to Rossi, when they bid each other a final farewell.

The climax of the tale is political rather than sentimental. Bonelli's death leaves Rome at the mercy of the revolutionists. The King abdicates; Pius the Tenth resigns all claims to temporal power; a Republic on broad anarchical principles is proclaimed; "war, wealth and ownership of land" are abolished; and the curtain falls on a new Italy, rich "in liberty and soap." This is Mr. Hall Caine's view of the situation.

—*Agnes Repplier.*



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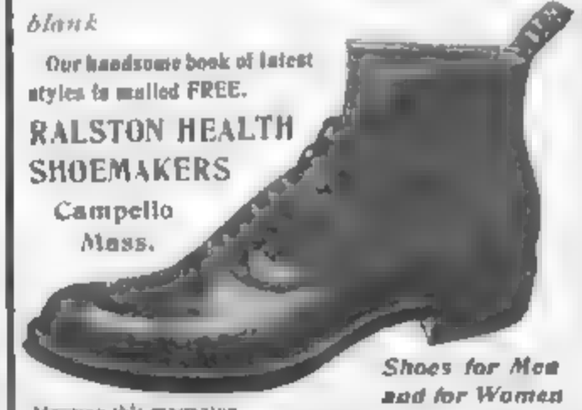

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So well pleased were we with the result of the offer made last year that we are going to repeat it this winter, only we are going to give $20,000 instead of $18,000. These large sums of money are simply extra inducements, in addition to which every bit of work, whether it be much or little, will be liberally paid for

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The Fright of "Uncle Remus"

The Japanese maiden and the moon do not equal Uncle Remus in shyness. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, of Atlanta, Georgia, who is called "Uncle Remus" by his friends and the public, is probably the shyest man in the country. It is not assumed; it is temperamental. It is beyond his strength to be introduced to a stranger, and he gets frightened if he has to talk to any one whom he does not see daily. His family and his friends have unfortunately so fostered this sensitiveness of his that now he will never be able to overcome it.

When he was an editorial writer on the Atlanta Constitution, Mr. Howell, who was the Editor in Chief, saw to it that Mr. Harris' room was as safely guarded from interruptions as royalty would be. The presence of a stranger in his room for a few moments would have upset him so that he could not have written an editorial that day. On his first trip to New York he registered as "J. C. Harris" so that no one would think of "Uncle Remus."

Now his shyness has extended to his work. Recently he went into the house of an intimate friend in Atlanta, and as he entered the library he heard a member of the family reading Brer Rabbit. He had stage fright at once at the sound of his own written words.

The host jumped up and said: "Here is the very man, children, to help you out. I can't read this dialect. Joel, please finish up this story for the family."

Mr. Harris declared that he would go home at once if they asked him to read or if he heard another line of that story read before him. The book had to be closed and the children told not to talk about it.

Mr. Goss a Practical Helper

Recently a Chicago newspaper man paused before a bookstore window which was heaped high with copies of The Redemption of David Corson, and he said to his companion:

"There is one instance, at least, in which lightning struck in the right place. If the size of an author's heart determined the measure of his success every book written by Charles Frederic Goss would sell a million copies.

"When I struck Chicago I had neither job nor prospect of one. There was not a man in the whole big city who knew me, and it didn't take many days of knocking about from one newspaper office to another to convince me that not a human being here cared to know me. But that was where I made my mistake. One night I happened to step inside Mr. Moody's Chicago Avenue Church. Mr. Charles Frederic Goss was in charge of the work and at the close of the services I met him. He passed over the conventional revivalistic questions regarding my spiritual condition, but quickly found out where I was stopping, and that I was looking for work and had met with disappointment in my applications. From that hour I felt that I certainly had one friend in Chicago—and he a very cheerful one.

"Week after week passed, and finally a month and a half, before I secured my first position. In the latter part of that probationary period I was in constant terror of the day of reckoning that was to come with my landlady, to whom I had not paid a dollar. Strangely enough, however, she never mentioned the matter or suggested that I find some other place. My credit appeared to be as firm as that of the bank cashier at my right, who paid his board every Saturday night, before the whole company, handing out crisp bills as he took his seat at the table.

"Finally, when I was able to pay her, I spoke of the unaccountable forbearance she had shown me as a stranger.

"'Oh, I knew you were all right,' she replied. 'Mr. Goss came here to the house and talked with me about you. Any boarder who has him for a friend can let his bills run with me as long as he needs.'

"All this time the author of David Corson had been keeping my courage up by assuring me there was a place for every honest man who had a desire to work; but he had never so much as hinted that he had personally established my credit at the boarding-house where I was in arrears.

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Cooking by the heat of the sun is a novel idea, but suggests economy, and is certainly practicable if there is no exaggeration in the claims made by a San Francisco inventor in behalf of a newly patented contrivance.

The apparatus consists of a sort of oven made in the shape of a rectangular box, open on one of its four sides (through glass) to the direct rays of the sun, and similarly exposed on another side to solar rays reflected from a series of prismlike mirrors. Inasmuch as the box and mirrors are adjustable at various angles, the rays of the sun may be concentrated upon the inside of the oven at any hour of the day.

The oven is set upon one edge. Whereas the upper two sides are of glass, the lower two sides are of wood, and the whole box, save for the two glass sides, is double-walled and lined with felt and sawdust. Thus, glass being also a non-conductor, the heat that enters the box does not easily get out again. In fact, if there were water inside, it is claimed that it would quickly boil on a sunshiny day.

The internal arrangement of the oven consists of three shelves which remain horizontal no matter at what angle the box is placed. On these shelves baking is done. Along the top edge of the box extends a flat piece of metal, hollow inside, into which hot air is admitted from the oven beneath. This is a broiler, and the inventor says that one may cook a steak on it nicely.

One advantage of the solar method of cooking is that it is clean. No fuel has to be supplied, and there are no ashes to remove. It is a process that recommends itself most strongly, therefore, to the neat and thrifty housewife.

Diamonds Found in Back Yards

Geologists have just about made up their minds that diamonds will never be found in this country in any considerable quantities. Every now and then a gem of this kind turns up in an accidental sort of way in one place or another, and suggestions of diamond fields offer themselves to imaginative people. Why, it is urged, should not the United States, so rich in almost everything else, possess this kind of mineral wealth, hidden away in some unsuspected locality?

Such a thing is possible, but unlikely. Geologically, nearly the whole of this country has been pretty well explored, and there does not seem to be any prospect that it will ever rival South Africa as a producer of diamonds. A few dollars' worth of these gems per annum appears to be about all we can reasonably expect as an output.

The only diamond of considerable size that we produced last year weighed four and a half carats, and was found about thirty miles south of Birmingham, Alabama, under rather odd circumstances. It turned up in a back-yard garden where some earth had been put to fill up a few holes. Presumably the gem was contained originally in this earth, a portion of which was placed close to the house, where water dripped upon it from the overhanging roof.

By and by a little girl came out of the house into the garden. It had been raining hard, and she noticed, near the steps, a particularly bright pebble, which had been washed clean by the rain. Securing it, she took it to her mother, and later it was identified as a real diamond of remarkably pure water. Experts stated that it would yield a cut stone of one carat and a half, or possibly more.

There is a popular notion to the effect that rough diamonds are not bright, but this is a mistake. Even in that condition they are very bright, with a peculiar "adamantine lustre," as it is called, which no other substance possesses. However, the crude diamond crystal is not transparent; one cannot see through it.

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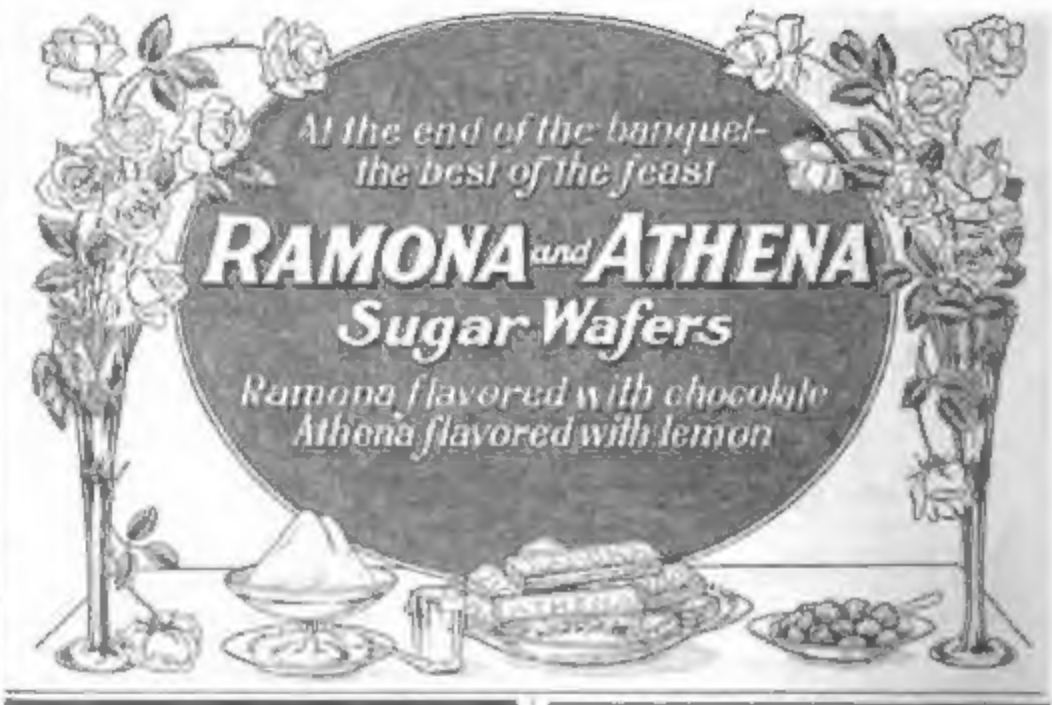
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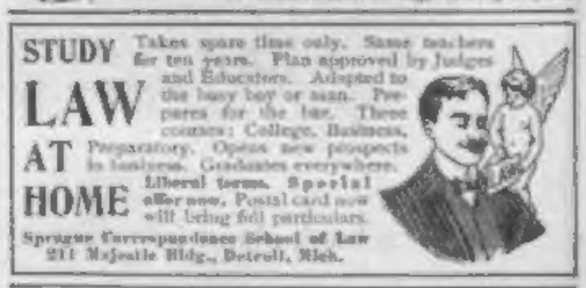

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